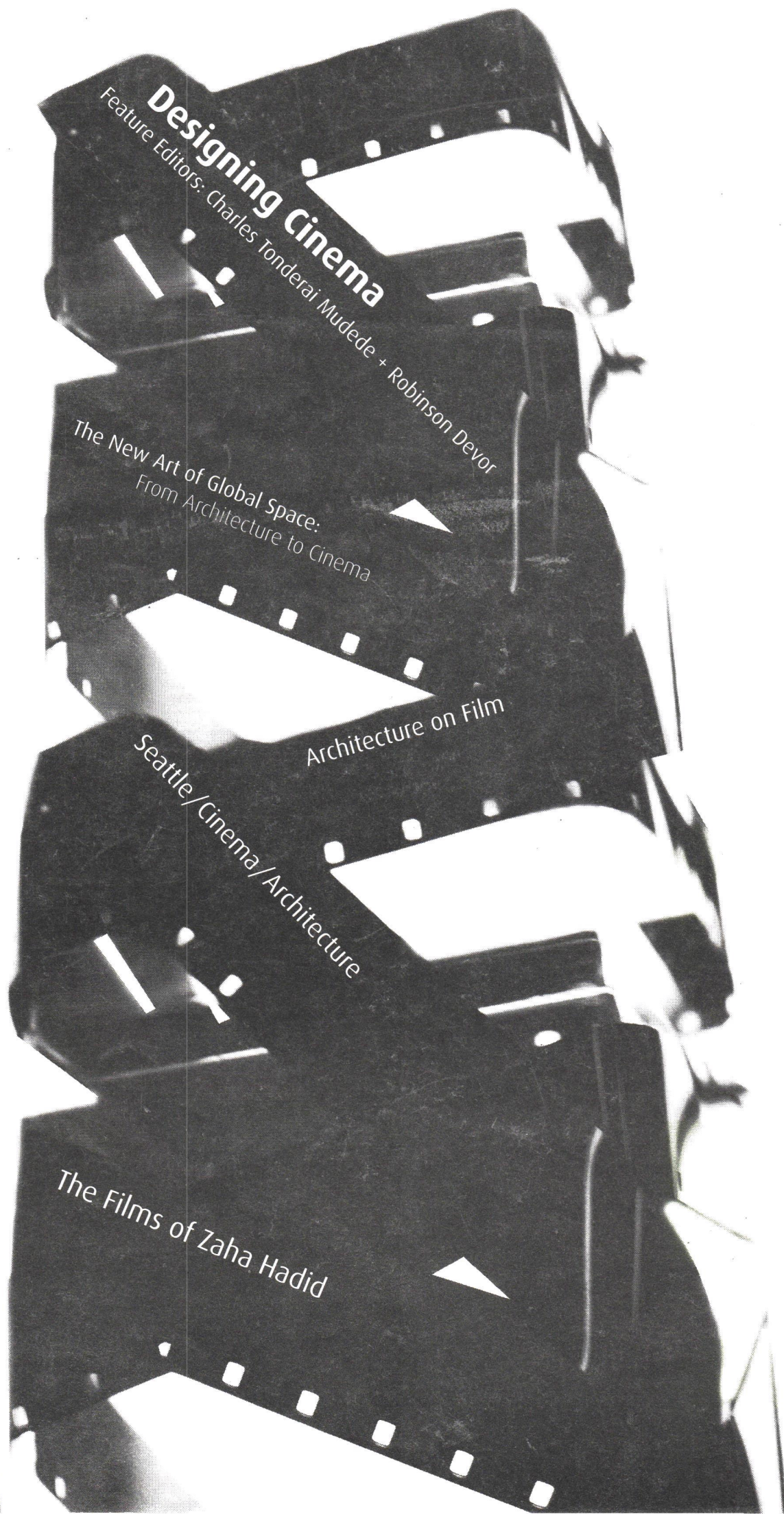


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25 YEARS



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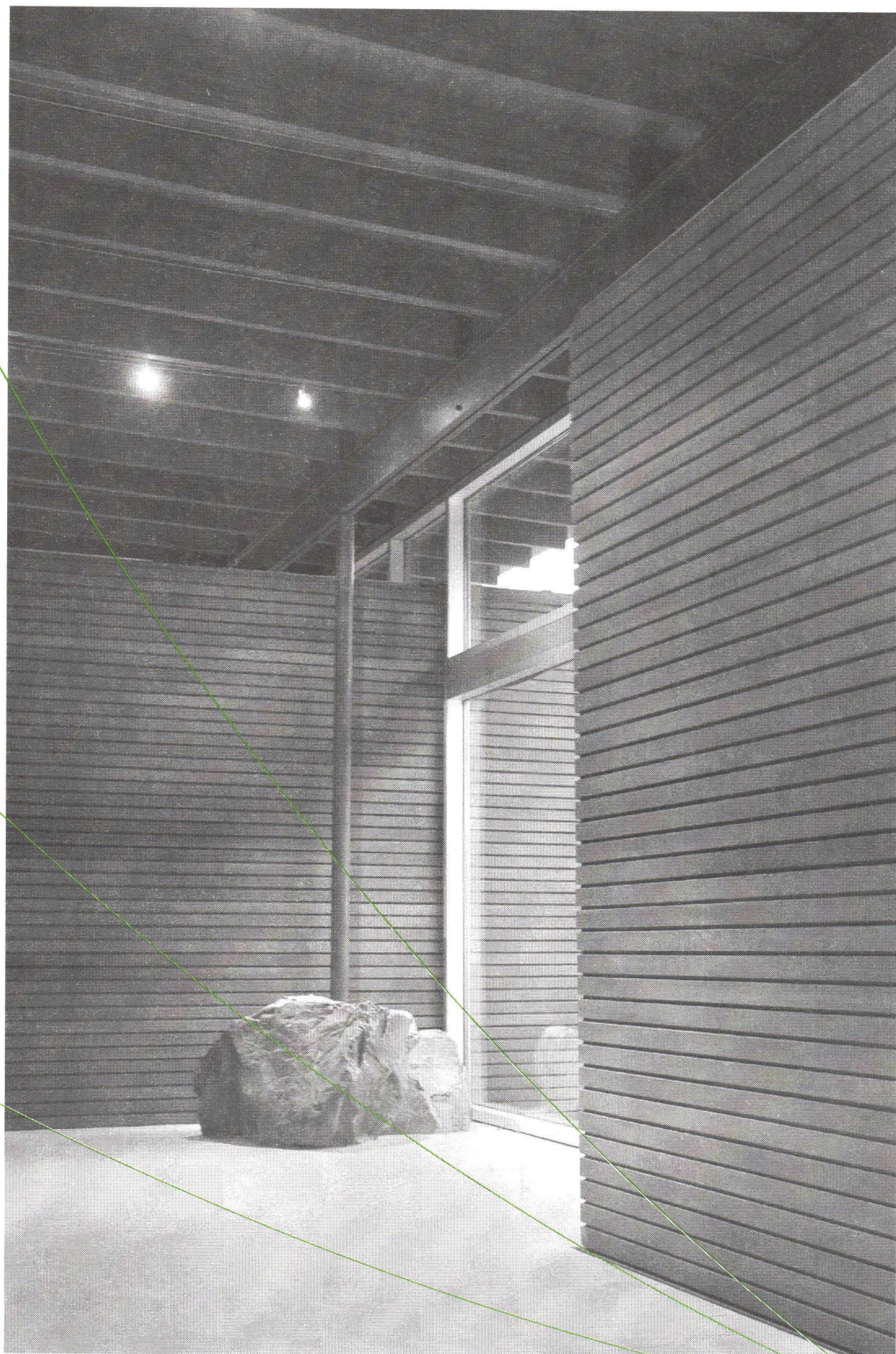
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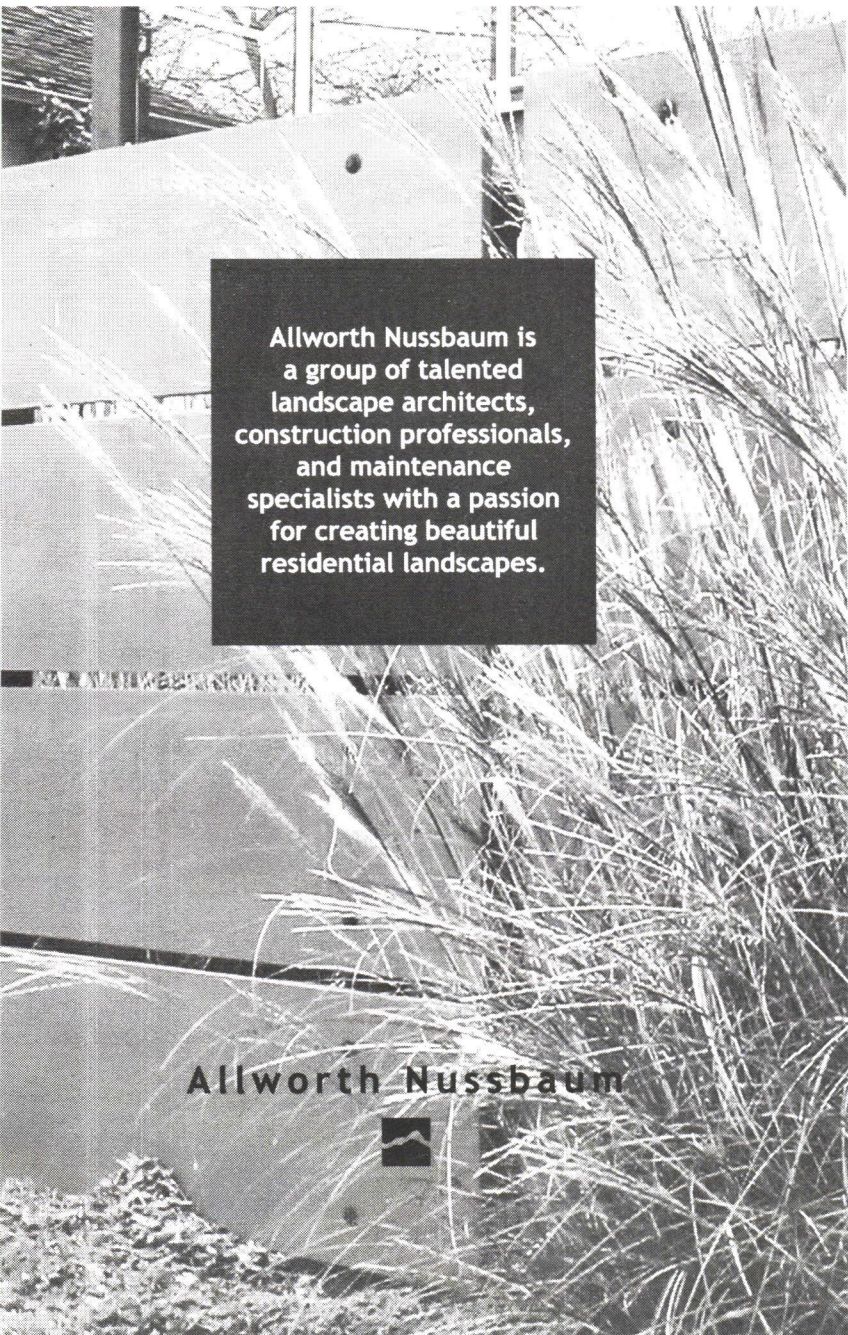


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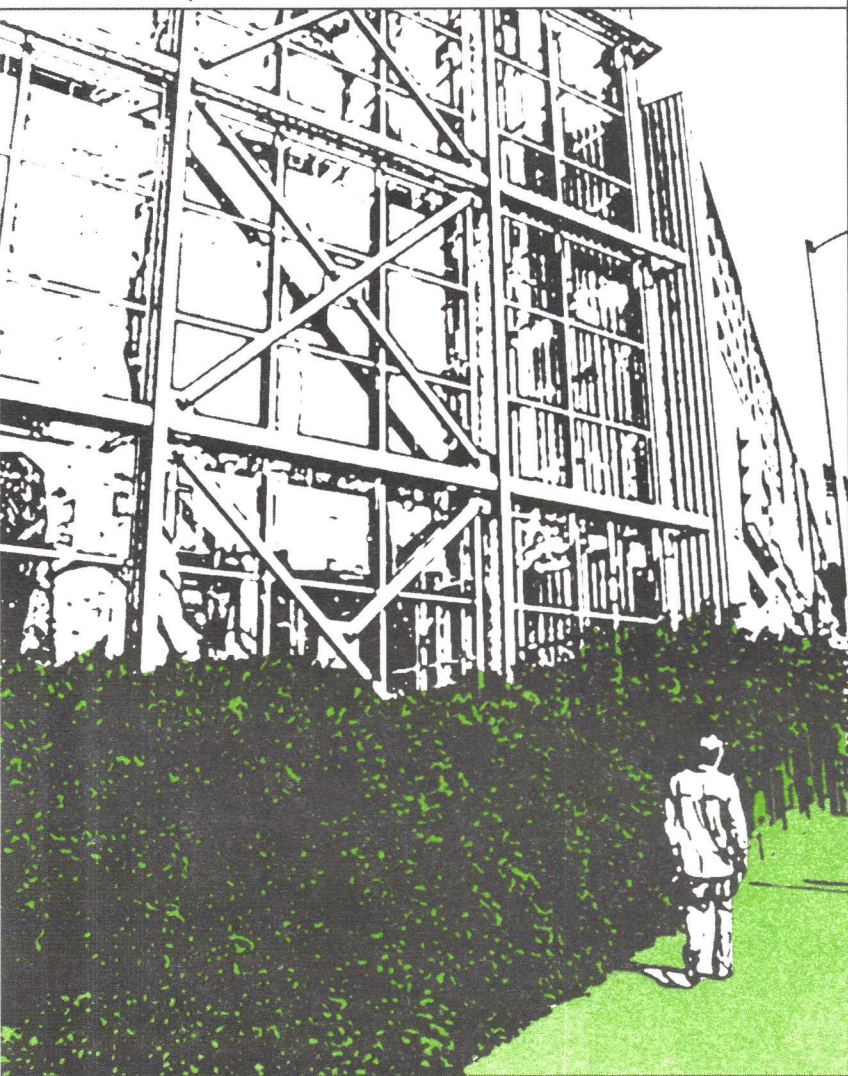


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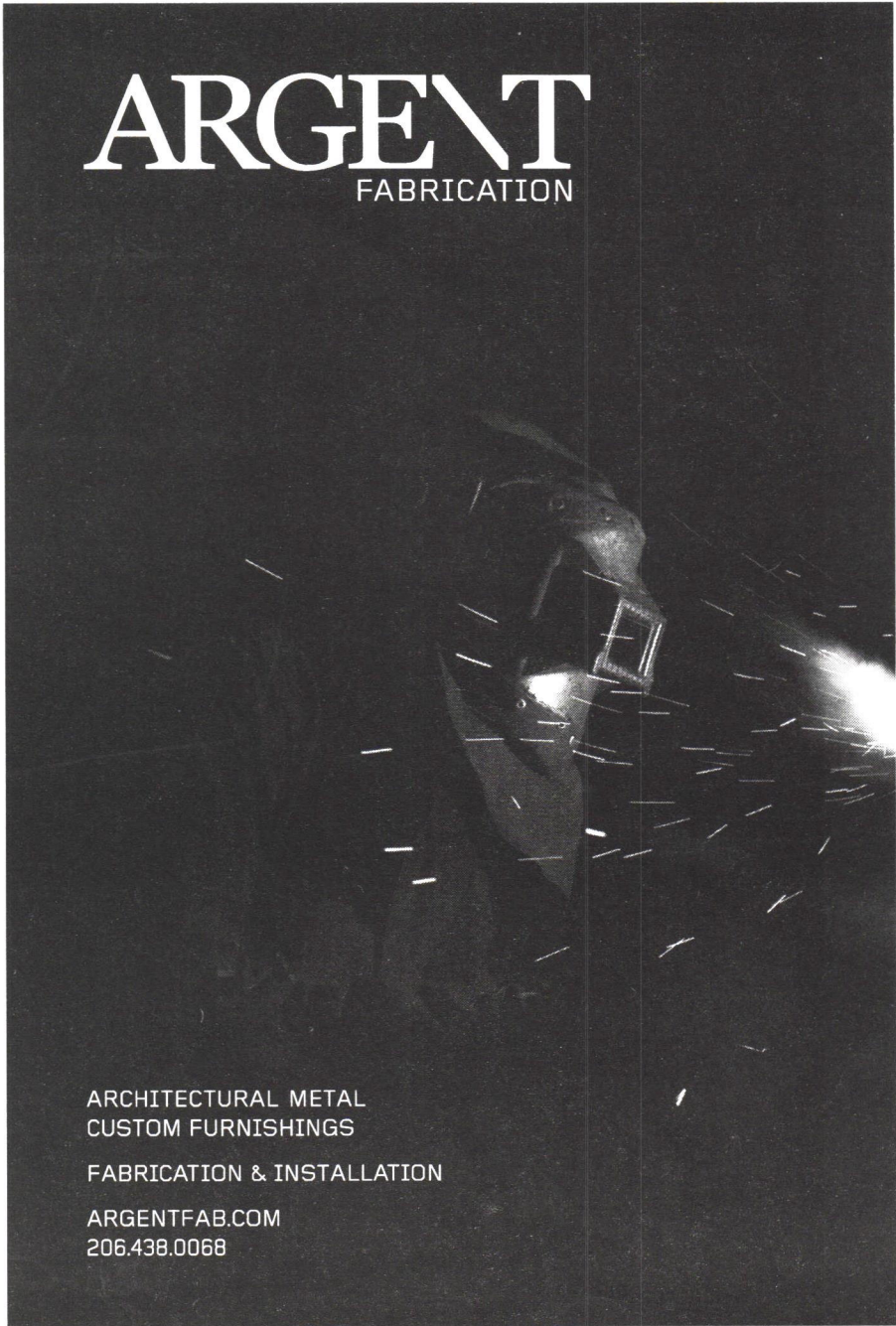
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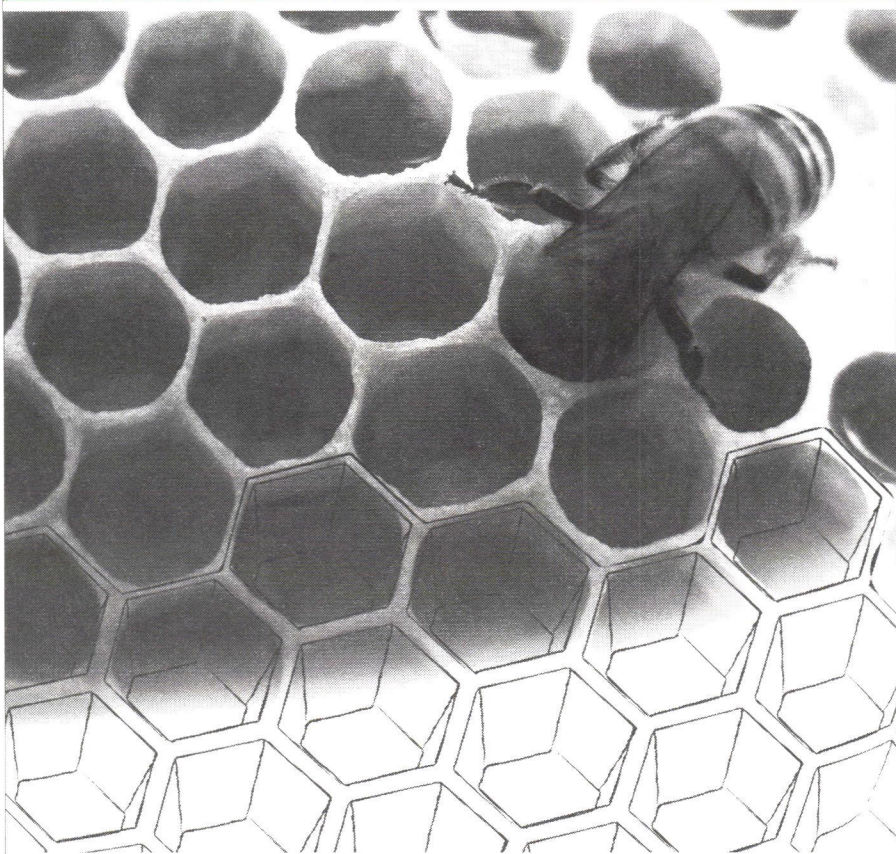
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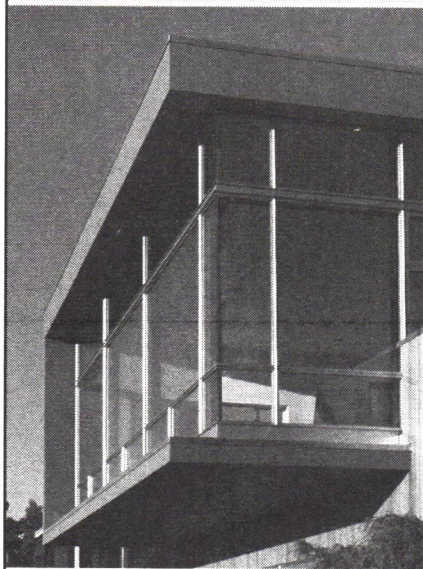
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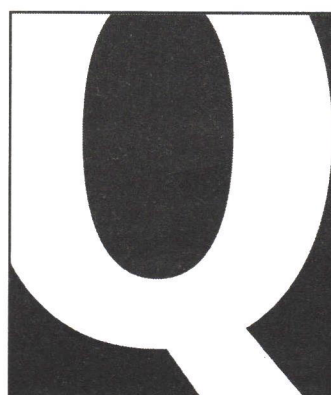
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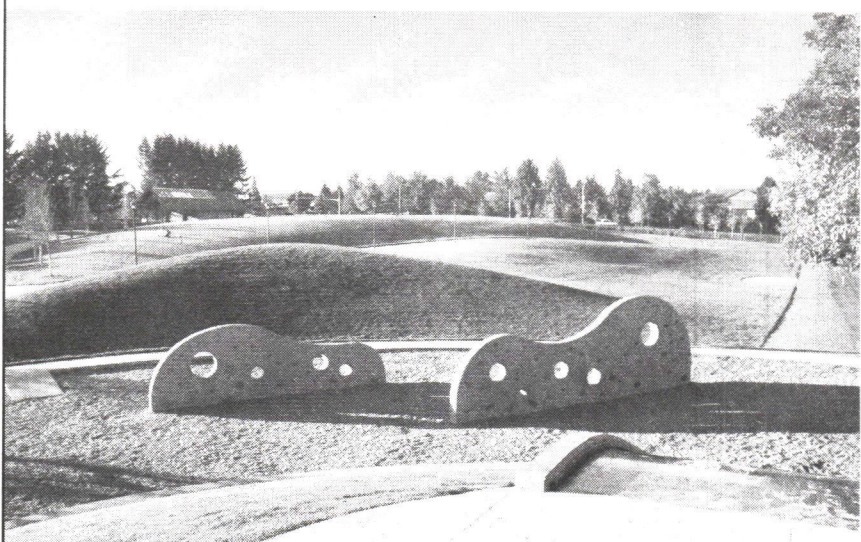


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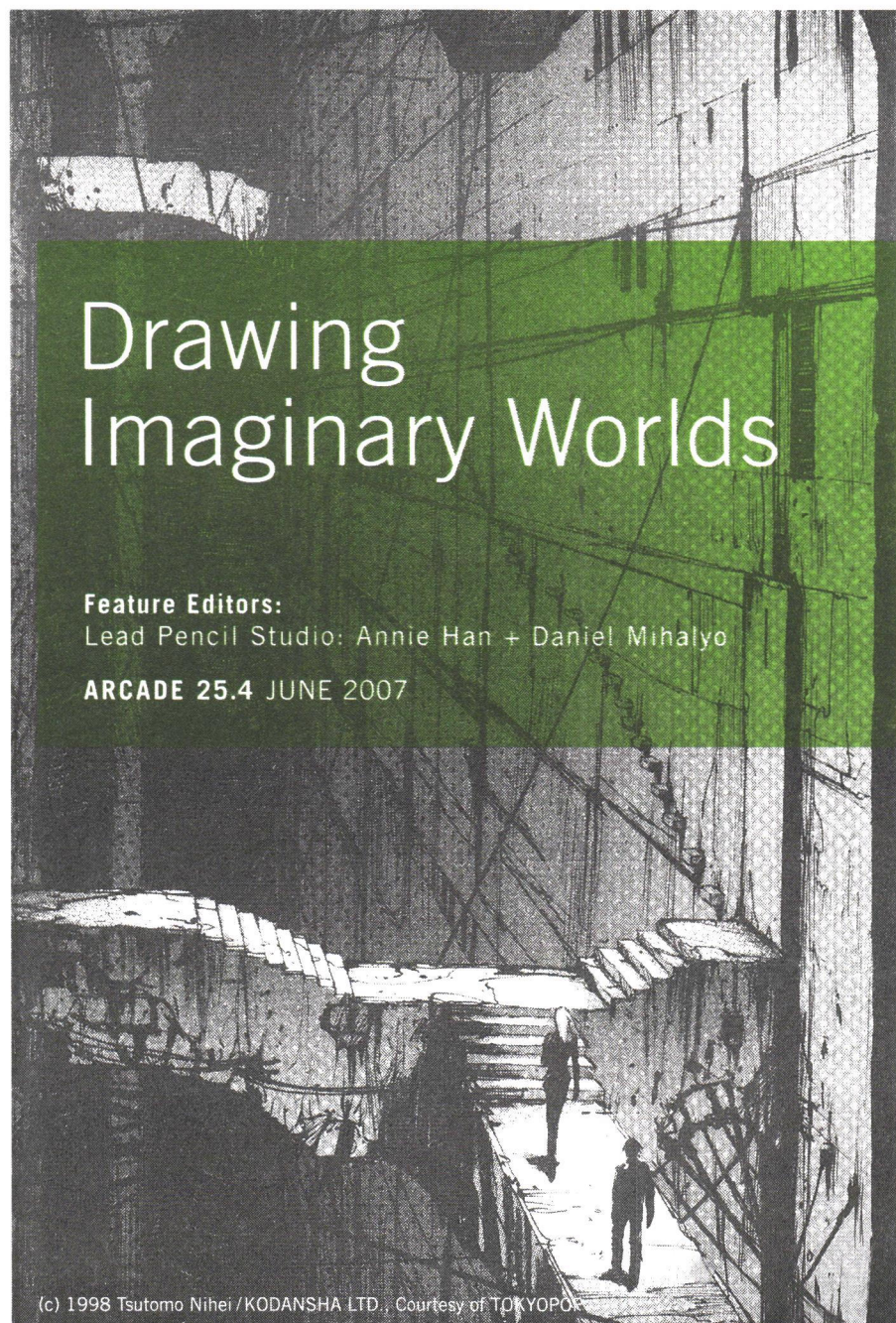
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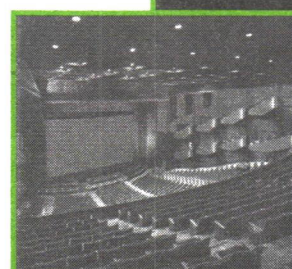
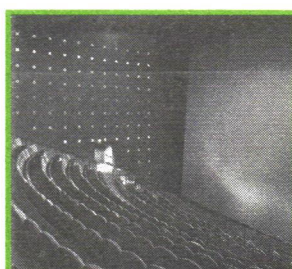
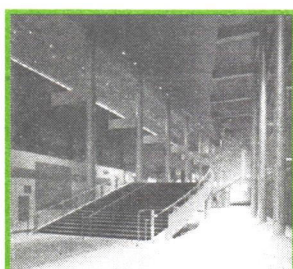
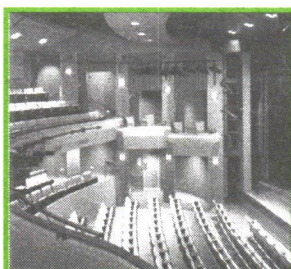
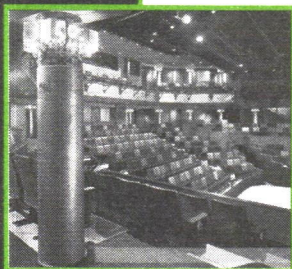
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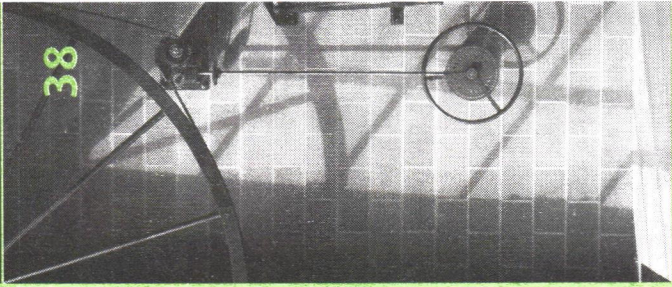
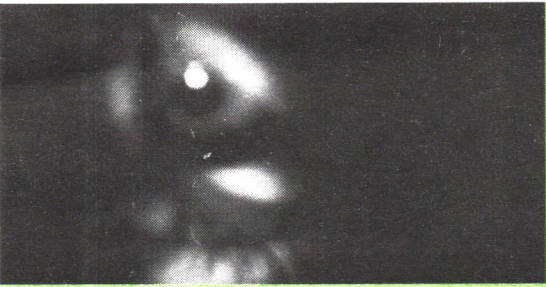
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Libeskind and Denver—A Cultural Collision

Taking a break from the recycled air of the huge Convention Center and the 13,000 giddy attendees at the US Green Building Council National Convention, I walked to the Civic Center and the new Denver Art Museum addition to see some real architecture and art. The day was bright, the streets wide and windswept.

Architecture like Libeskind's requires a smart curator and a discerning community; if you commission challenging architecture, you have to be ready to challenge everything else.

The museum complex is located on the southern edge of the neoclassical Civic Center. The new addition designed by Daniel Libeskind shares a graciously proportioned sequence of squares with a bizarre complex of buildings, including an older 28-sided, seven-story art museum with gun-slit windows designed by Gio Ponti, built in 1971, and a Michael Graves library, built in 1996, that looks like a grouping of objects trying to be a building. While the organization of the exterior space is legible, the buildings disregard any relationship to the strong axial language. It would be hard to get into the buildings without the array of signs and finding your way is like Alice and the rabbit hole. Despite this, the new addition is spectacular from the outside: the titanium cladding engages the light and the addition's exuberant sculptural forms, overhangs and prowls, have a clear connection with the forms of the Rocky Mountains. Its exterior creates surprisingly humane spaces.

Having figured out that tickets for the Denver Art Museum are purchased in a small, hidden alcove across the plaza from the main entrance, I entered the new addition. Five winningly smiling docents were there, ostensibly to help me navigate the first floor, which is dominated by a stairway, elevators, and museum shop. Unfortunately, all the docents were busy directing people back across the plaza to the hidden ticket alcove. I progressed, unaided. (Perhaps by now the museum has worked out the ticketing issue; at the time of my visit, the museum had only been open a month.)

I spent the next hours moving through a

corners or sloping walls. I heard these floor-markings were a response to a code issue. Every alcove, overlook, hallway, room, and doorstop was labeled in large letters as the "John and Mary Smith alcove," or overlook, or hallway, or whatever. Clearly an irritating experience, and I wonder if it was the result of a collision between an architect and Denver culture.

The Denver Art Museum's unusual spaces could be an exceptional experience with careful placement of artwork. If the sheer number of pieces on display is significantly reduced and the donor-recognition signs are shrunk, the visitors' experience could be one of moving through a sequence of spaces and encountering powerful artwork—immensely powerful. The interior and exterior volumes are made for performance work. The building and the art could work together to create a spectacular cultural center in constant flux. Architecture like Libeskind's requires a smart curator and a discerning community; if you commission challenging architecture, you have to be ready to challenge everything else.

Barbara Swift

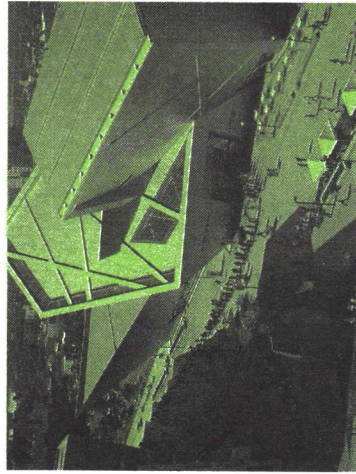


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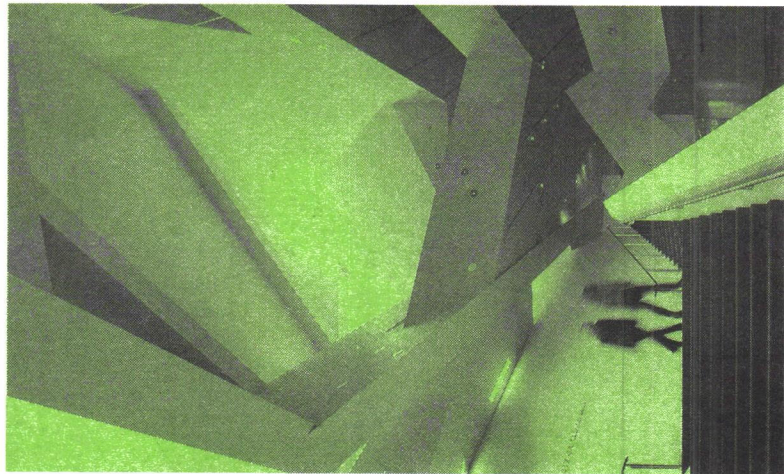
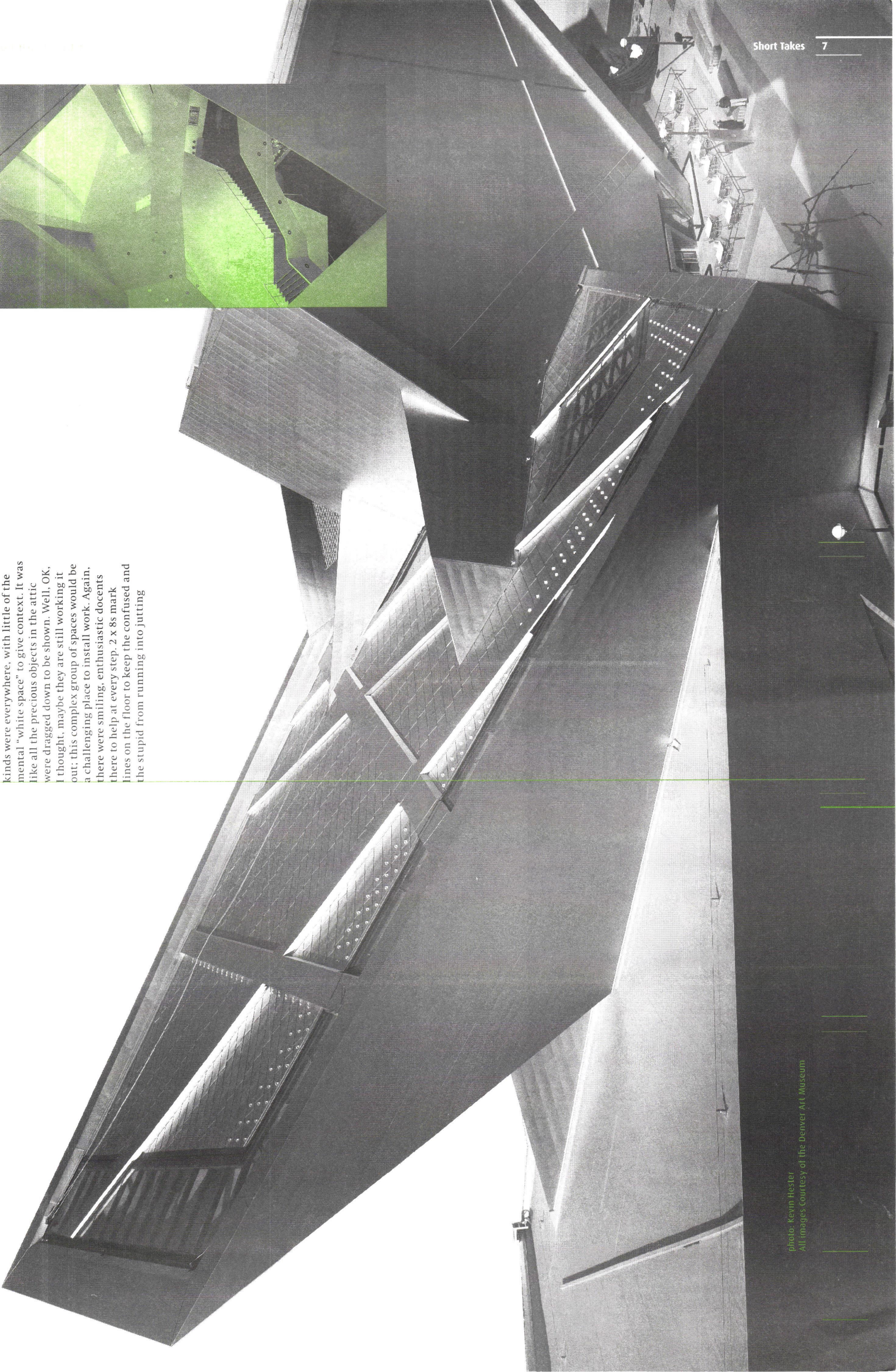


photo: Jeff Goldberg/Esto



kinds were everywhere, with little of the mental "white space" to give context. It was like all the precious objects in the attic were dragged down to be shown. Well, OK, I thought, maybe they are still working it out; this complex group of spaces would be a challenging place to install work. Again, there were smiling, enthusiastic docents there to help at every step. 2 x 8s mark lines on the floor to keep the confused and the stupid from running into jutting

photo: Kevin Hester
All images courtesy of the Denver Art Museum

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Olympic Sculpture Park

By now anyone who's interested—or who listens to public radio or reads popular news magazines or papers—knows that Seattle's Olympic Sculpture Park opened in late January.

The nine-acre waterfront park sits a few blocks north of Pike Place Market, and just east of Seattle Center. Designed by Weiss/Mantfredi Architects with Charles Anderson Landscape Architecture, the former contaminated brownfield represents a meeting of art and urban ecology. According to Richard Serra, the artist with what is in my mind the most impressive piece on the site, *Wake*, "This is historical." The notion of a downtown park with beach access and plenty of art to accent the scene is a tremendous amenity for any city and it's citizens—from the very young to the very old.

That said, many in the design community question the end result, both from an architectural and landscape perspective,

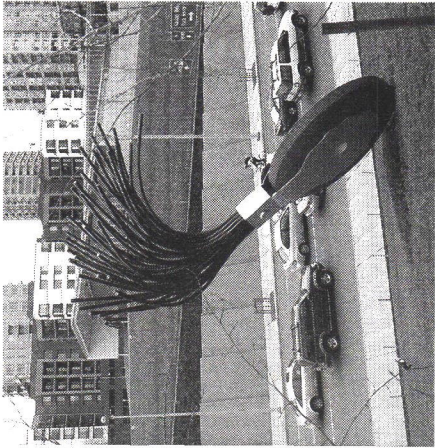
suggesting that it represents a missed opportunity. And from an art perspective, well there's been enough controversy there, the least of which is that some consider at least half of the collection to be underwhelming and banal.

In perhaps the most ludicrous circumstance around the art, take *Typewriter Eraser, Scale X* by Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen. On loan from its owner, Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen, the piece sits just off the major north-south arterial, Elliot Avenue, otherwise known as a very public and visible spot. The descriptive placard notifies the public that it doesn't have permission to photograph the sculpture. The absurdity of this reminds me of the scene in *This is Spinal Tap* when Nigel Tufnel

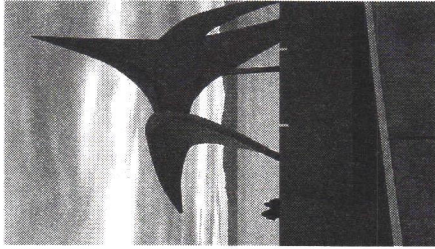
(Christopher Guest) is showing off his guitar collection to director Marty DiBergi (Rob Reiner), and when talking about a particularly "delicate" and prized instrument, Nigel scolds Marty, and by default the viewer, when he says: "Don't even look at it!"

Still, criticisms and controversy aside, I like and appreciate the park and feel that it's one of the positive pieces in the puzzle of the changing landscape of the city—a generous gift to Seattle and a benefit to anyone who's able to meander through its unfolding landscape.

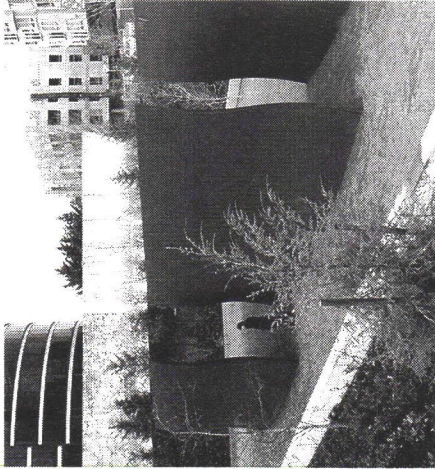
-Kelly Walker



Claes Oldenburg & Coosje van Bruggen
Typewriter Eraser, Scale X
photo: Michael Burns



Alexander Calder's *Eagle*
photo: Paul Warchol



Richard Serra and *Wake*
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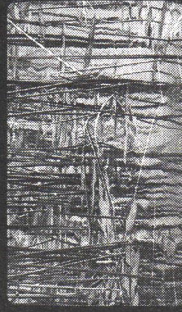


PACCAR Pavilion and
Anthony Caro's *Riviera*
photo: Benjamin Benschnneider
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ByDesign 07, 08-11 March
Northwest Film Forum

How does one parse

design from film?



Isn't all film and video work "designed" to some degree by its inherent nature? Composition. Physical relationships. Signification. Narrative. Conflict. Aesthetic. Lights. Camera. Action.

"Since both design and cinema are more nexus points than singular art forms, exploring the intersection of these does not create simple solutions or categories, but an interesting web," says Peter Lucas. He is the curator for the Northwest Film Forum's annual ByDesign, a program that highlights artists and work at that intersection that Lucas refers to, which unveils its seventh edition this March. "I never wanted this program to be too bound by definitions and classifications; it was always about mixing and incorporating many art forms."

Classification can be a losing battle against the tide of the modern multi-disciplined work and artists whose roles and practices

Warhol—all had some sort of background and training in the design fields. In each case of the directors mentioned above, not only did their design experience inform their aesthetic, it informed some of the very influential people they worked with.

Hitchcock, who began his film career as a title designer, utilized to great effect literal design elements (title sequences, dream sequences, posters) within some of his most successful films by employing the likes of Saul Bass (a past guest and presenter at ByDesign) and Salvador Dali.

Early in Stanley Kubrick's career as a commercial photographer, he understood the necessity of quickly conveying drama through compositional relationships. As a film director, Kubrick greatly admired the work of graphic artist and animator Pablo Ferro, and asked him to design the now famous opening credits for his film *Dr. Strangelove*. Ferro (another past ByDesign

there is a wonderful fetishizing in that type of commercial design—lingering over the detail of your subject, capturing it.

A lesser known contemporary of Warhol's, Robert Brownjohn, will be featured in this year's ByDesign. Brownjohn's career arc was very similar to Warhol's—from commercial designer (he designed the Rolling Stones' *Let It Bleed* album cover) to full-fledged artist wandering the New York and London music scenes. His best known work is probably the acid-tinged James Bond film title sequence for *Goldfinger*, but his short-lived career is much more varied and influential than many would casually recognize.

Gary Hill, Doug Aitken, Michal Rovner, Matthew Barney, Shirin Neshat, Douglas Gordon, Cory Arcangel (who will be featured in this year's ByDesign documentary 8 BT), Eve Sussman. The list isn't meant as an all-inclusive Warholian pedigree of

more nexus points than singular art forms, exploring the intersection of these does not create simple solutions or categories, but an interesting web."

—Peter Lucas

disciplined artist/designer are Charles and Ray Eames—furniture designers, manufacturers, graphic designers, filmmakers, installation artists, lecturers, architects, photographers, producers, publishers. I think many would be surprised to know that they completed 125 short films over the span of 28 years, some of which have been screened at past ByDesign programs. They saw their films, in true Eames fashion, as essays. Charles recognized the inherent informational architecture in film and that it was simply the most efficient delivery system for their ideas.

It is of note that some of the most influential filmmakers of the past 60 years—Alfred Hitchcock, Stanley Kubrick, Andy

career that introduced design elements into mainstream film.

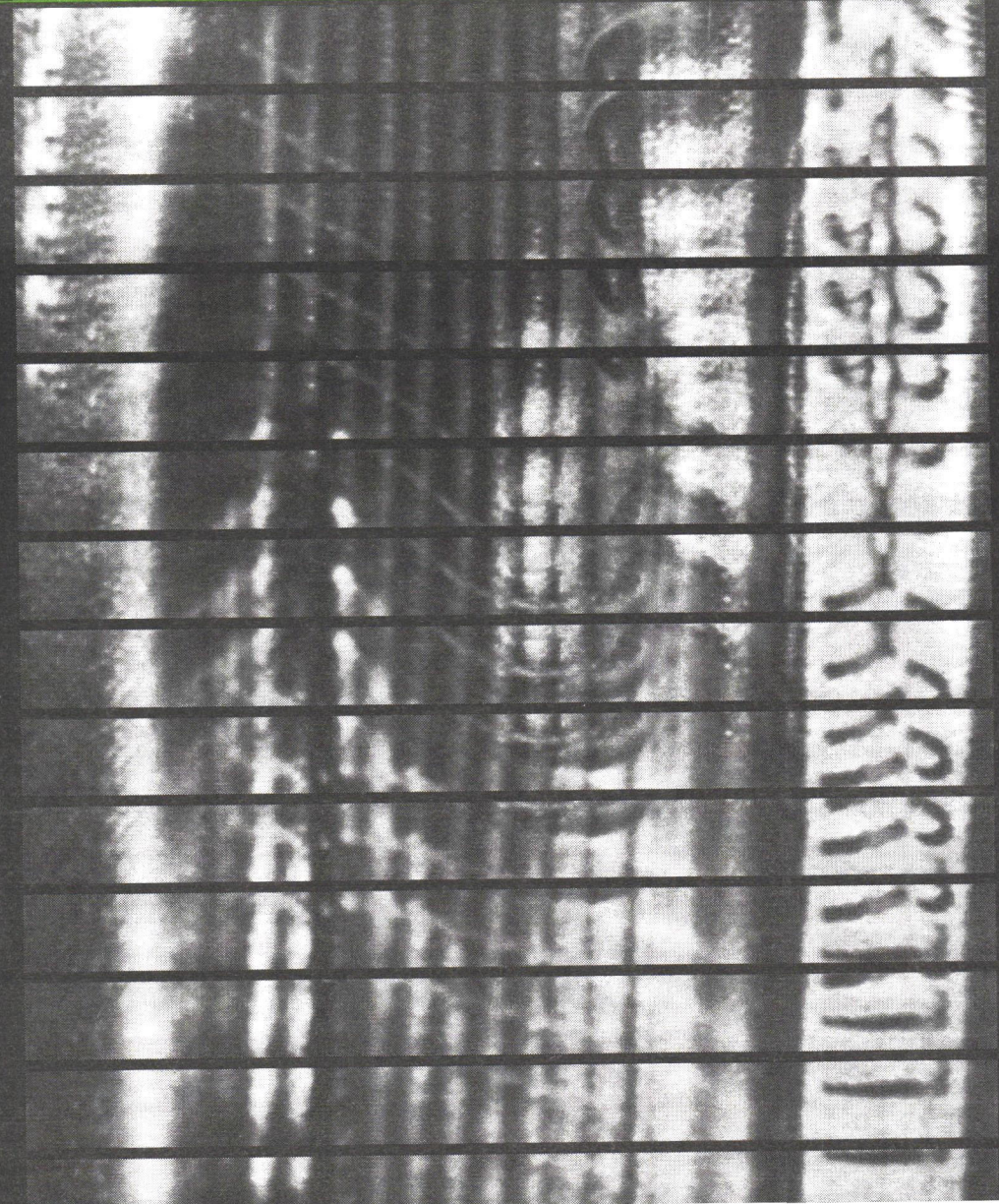
An easy misconception of Warhol's films is that they eschewed any type of style that might be considered composed or designed. His static image films, be it *Empire* or his *Screen Tests*, are odes to composition. I've often tried to bridge the gap in my mind between Warhol's film work and his early work as a commercial artist drawing shoes for fashion magazines. Like his films,

universe of contemporary design driven work that stretches the limits of modern film and video.

Marshall McLuhan posits that in this electric age we are all constantly being translated into information. With that thought in mind, there might never be a true parsing of film and design. If all of us are essentially nodes of information, as Mr. McLuhan suggests, then film is merely an efficient delivery system for ideas, designs of data that represent the designer.

ByDesign 07 runs March 8-11 at the Northwest Film Forum and is co-presented by Northwest Film Forum, AIGA-Seattle and the Henry Art Gallery.

—Matt McCarty



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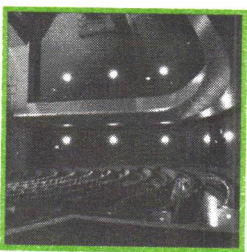
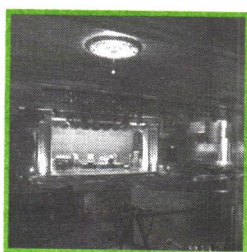
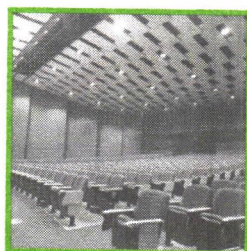
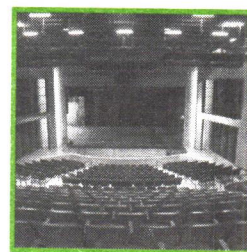



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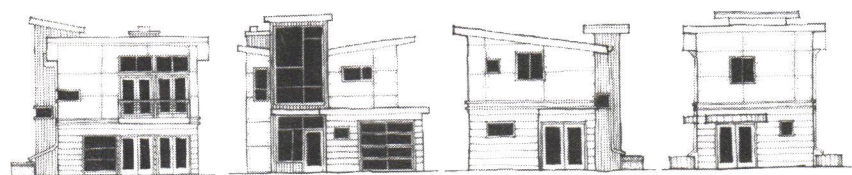
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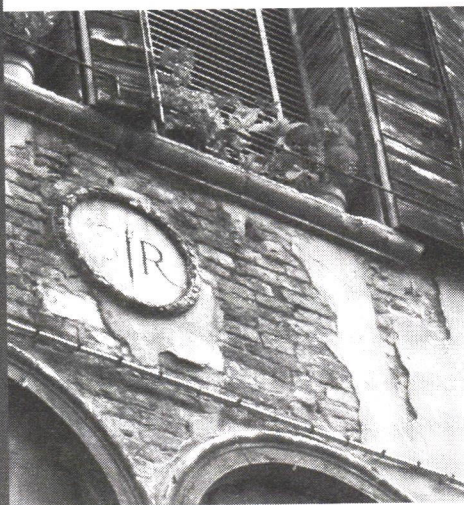
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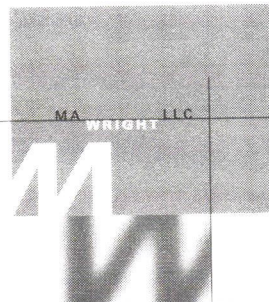
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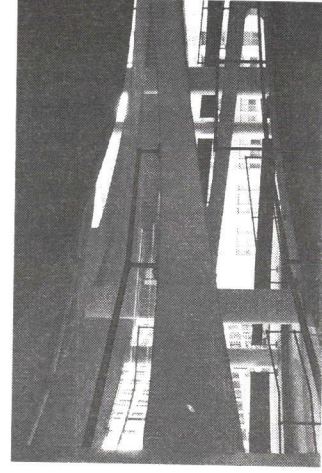
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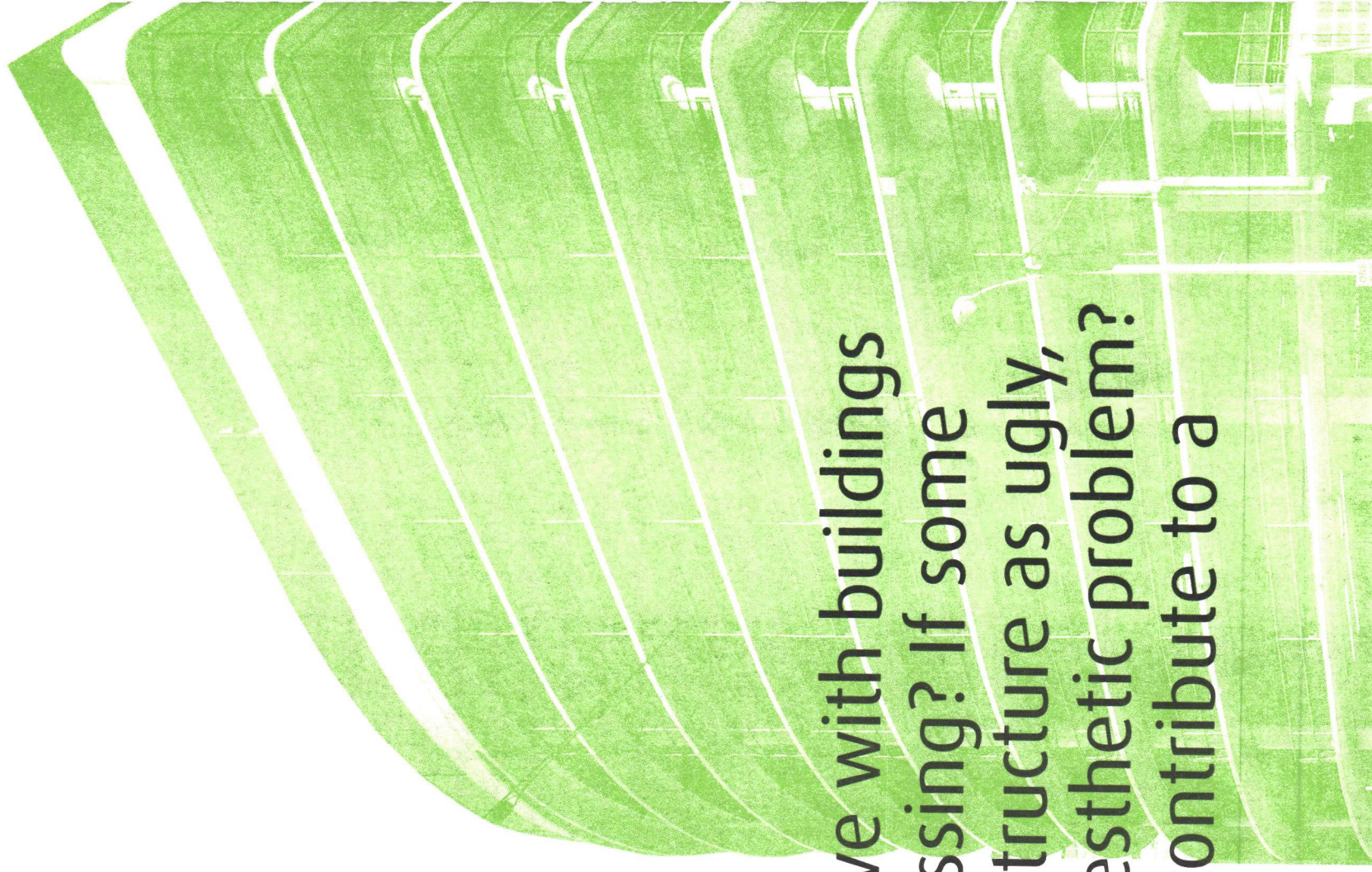
The Ugly Cover-Up

Andrew Phillips

Photographs by Nic Lehoux



Can we, as a city, learn to live with buildings that, to some, are embarrassing? If some people view a building or structure as ugly, do we need to solve this aesthetic problem? Or can so-called eyesores contribute to a city's diversity and appeal?



garage has always seemed to me beautiful for its boldness and honesty. Clear in structure and function, the garage is a true Modernist building. Its structure—large concrete columns intersecting the waffle slabs—can be clearly understood. The corkscrew ramp twisting at the north-east corner defines the widest angle of this downtown site. On the west side, the stairs crisscross through a concrete grid. The building isn't fancy, it has no special adornment, just the needed elements well composed in a rigorous structural system. Most impressively, the function of the building—the storage of cars—is obvious from every sidewalk. The cars precariously perched at the edge of each floor slab appear like merchandise on display. As they move along the upper slabs or the ramp, the building becomes dynamic.

The garage, specifically built to accommodate the Bon Marché department store, stands as a symbol of how the business of parking developed in Seattle in the 1950s and '60s. With competition from suburban shopping malls, downtown merchants needed to provide parking in close proximity to attract customers. Built and operated by the Circular Ramp Garage Co., the Bon Marché parking garage was unique for its circular ramp design. At the time only one similar garage, the Downtown Center Garage in San Francisco, had been built—by the same company.

George A. Gore, President of the Circular Ramp Garage Co. was an inventor who came up with the design. He worked with prominent San Francisco architect George Applegarth, who drew up the plans. Applegarth, a *Beaux Arts*-trained architect, was a prolific designer of residences and

early work exhibited the symmetry, proportions, and details typical of the restrained *Beaux Arts* elegance. These two garages represent bold creations from an architect making a gigantic leap from grand civic architecture to a new garage typology.

When the Bon Marché parking garage opened in 1960, advertisements touted it as the "Finest Parking Facility in the World." Early in 2006, the garage, recently sold to the developer of a mixed-use tower across the alley, was branded an eyesore. Press releases at the time showed renderings of the structure covered in a new cast-stone facade with punch windows. A fascinating structure—whether ugly or not—might become another bland garage trying not to be a garage.

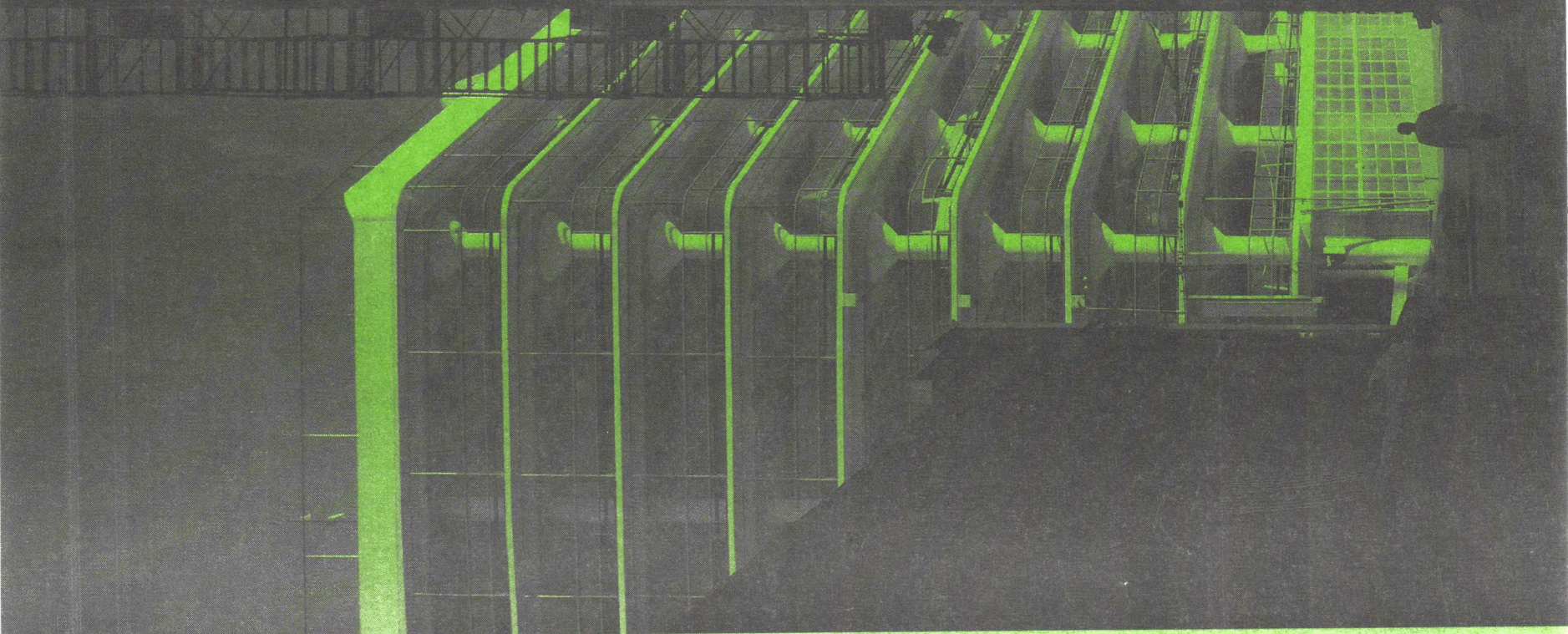
Rallying the public against a structure's alleged aesthetic popularity problem is common. On May 24, 2006, Mayor Nickels announced that his staff had dreamed up a satirical video mocking the concept of keeping the Alaskan Way Viaduct on the Seattle Waterfront. In the video, a man claiming to represent the *Committee to Save Big Ugly Things* makes a funny and ridiculous argument for the preservation of this overhead freeway in order to defend against an alleged conspiracy to rid the city of all its big ugly things. While its structural condition and the city's need for a viable waterfront may eventually doom the viaduct, this video's real success will be affirming the ease at exploiting Seattle's collective insecurity and further lowering the debate about our city's design. As with the debates about the Monorail's concrete columns and tracks, the Kingdome, and the King County Administration Building, the labels *ugly* and *eyesore* create an immediate and inhospitable arena for real debate, which could instead focus on more quantifiable issues such as sustainability, feasibility, usefulness, and historical value. The most dubious example of this strategy occurred with the previous two downtown libraries. The classically designed Carnegie built in 1906, and its Modernist predecessor built in 1960, were both labeled "eyesores" in the press. Reading the newspaper articles, printed 40 years apart, gives an eerie sense of déjà vu.

parking garage are exploring other options that may leave the upper parking decks exposed and, perhaps, enhance the original design, while giving the street-level retail a deserved updating. The edifice may last to face another generation's appreciation or scorn.

Destroying or covering up pieces of the city we perceive as embarrassing, like ignoring a high school's nerdy teenager, may initially appear to be an easy solution. However, quick aesthetic judgments may later prove to have been shortsighted. Would the old Carnegie Library still be considered ugly today? A common saying in politics has it that "It's not the crime that will sink you; it's the cover-up." Whether the crime was these structures' aesthetic or our need to constantly re-invent ourselves hoping to get attention from all the popular cities, we should attempt to address the crime with something other than a shallow cover-up.

Andrew Phillips is an associate at SMK Architects and a board member of the local (www.docomomo-wewa.org) and national chapters of DOCOMOMO (www.docomomo.com).

Nic Lehoucq is a Canadian born architectural photographer whose work is regularly published in the press. Nic cultivates close associations with very talented modernist architects and he photographs work throughout North America and Europe. He lives in Vancouver, Canada.



Local Focus

Fixing Seattle Center: Think Greenheart

David Brewster and Ben Rankin

Great parks are magnets for philanthropy.



It happens every two decades—the 20-year itch about Seattle Center. The first bout was after the World's Fair closed in 1962. The penny-pinching City Council of those days decided to keep every possible revenue generator in place in order to pay the bills, casting aside Center architect Paul Thiry's advice that "Seattle Center is designed to be a magnificent park."

The next rash of planning came in the mid-1980s, after chronic fiscal crises. Mayor Charles Royer's "Iraq" came when he rather desperately hired the Disney planners, who proposed a sweeping commercialization of every last inch of the Center and got ridden out of town for their California sensibilities. Virginia Anderson was installed to salvage the situation, and she put in new buildings, opened up the edges to the neighborhoods and created popular ethnic programming to broaden the political base and pass capital levies.

Now we have another opportunity to get the Center right. The Center still needs a big annual subsidy. The Sonics are departing Key Arena, leaving a lot of debt and a white elephant behind. The Monorail's broken. The Stadium is little used, pays no rent and badly needs fixing. The Center House might need a \$75 million facelift. The Fun Forest is behind on its rent. Quick—here's another blue ribbon panel, one called the Century 21 Commission, which will be laying on forums charettes this spring. (To learn more: www.seattlecenter.org.)

But there's a paradox. Developers "get" this area and are clamoring to grab any open property. The mid-rise zoning offers lots of opportunities for building five floors of residential over retail. There could be thousands of new units adjacent to a wealth of theaters, museums and Belltown's nightlife and restaurants, and all of this just a few minutes' bus ride to downtown. No onsite pool or concierge service can compete with the entertainment offered within a five-minute walk—all at no cost to the developer.

This hot development market is producing a striking disconnect between the funky old fairgrounds and the three fastest growing neighborhoods in the city—Uptown, Belltown and South Lake Union. The blighting apron of parking lots around the Center is giving way to significant new developments, the most prominent of which is the Gates Foundation campus at the eastern edge. The obvious planning opportunity lies in thinking coherently about the Center's campus and the surrounding neighborhoods, using a more park-like Center to provide the focus to the activity and new development nearby.

One idea that keeps coming back ever since it was first advocated by Paul Thiry in 1962 is a park paradigm, or a greenheart, for the Center. It involves treating the 74 acres of Seattle Center as a coherent campus of buildings, open spaces and connectors. Edit out some of the buildings such as Memorial

The City Council is bent on reducing the annual subsidy to the Center, and parks don't generate rent. The design community, which ought to be full of creative ideas for the Center and its adjacent neighborhoods, seems to have written off the challenge. Seattle Center itself has always resisted any talk about a park, fearing the city's history of poor maintenance, poor safety and unimaginative programming for its downtown open spaces. In short, a large park in the heart of the Center is a great idea whose time never seems to come.

The best way to move forward is to embrace gradualism. If there is a strong plan for the campus, then its realization can take time, so long as the plan isn't violated or millions are spent on buildings like the Center House (an old armory) that ought to be replaced. A strong campus plan would excite the public and donors, and it would give developers predictability so that they could do their part in enlivening the perimeter. The key to an urban park is filling it with lots of people all the time and that means vitality on the edges feeding crisscrossing users into the park, from dog walkers in the morning to strolling lovers at twilight.

Another compelling argument for gradualism is that it preserves Seattle Center's endearing funkiness. Seattle Center, for all its problems, is a beloved and very popular place. It reminds people of that moment,

Jet City's blue-collar days, when spun sugar and a ride on the Bubbleator were a great way to entertain the kids. The Center is still filled with high school pageantry and kids who pass whole summers at the fountain, juggling and strumming guitars and scarfing junk food. It's an awkward space, it's dowdy and unassuming. It has a Bumbershoot soul and it feels like old Seattle.

Had the Commons been built in South Lake Union, it would have emerged *de novo*—all new, with not a trace of "old Seattle." By contrast, crafting a greenheart campus for Seattle Center forces visitors to accommodate a complex history, using time and context as their partners. Urban parks are all about contrasts—swaths of nature abutting masonry and steel, quiet respites amid urban chaos. Among its many virtues, green at the heart of Seattle Center would have a saving complexity and sense of history. Thanks, Seattle politics—we needed that!

David Brewster (davidbrewster@comcast.net) is president of Friends of the Green at Seattle Center and publisher of the new online daily, Crosscut.com.

Ben Rankin (ben@pioneerpg.com) is principal of Pioneer Property Group, a developer of affordable condominiums, including a current project on the east side of Seattle Center.

long been awkward to adapt) and outdated facilities such as the Fun Forest. Organize the resultant open space at the nexus of the Center into a contiguous, legible, flexible, active-all-hours urban park. Lastly, by pulling more perimeter parking into an underground garage (replacing Memorial Stadium), allow more residential and commercial uses to cozy up to the edges of Seattle Center.

The result is a greenheart ringed with a double row of activity generators—the existing theatres and museums on the grounds and the vibrant residential and commercial blocks on all four sides.

The Center would gain a park and visual coherence. Current users of the Center House might be better accommodated by some purpose-built structures like Fisher Pavilion (with open space on top) or by a post-Sonics Key Arena treated as a covered open space/winter garden at street level with a beehive of community uses below.

By tapping developer fees for open space and neighbors for voluntary "conservancies" to improve maintenance and programming, the Center would have two new revenue streams to cope with its chronic fiscal needs. Developer incentive fees built Chicago's exciting Millennium Park, and generous patrons filled it with great art and an outdoor amphitheatre that puts on 50 free concerts each summer. The Central Park Conservancy (sustained by voluntary payments by neighboring residents) has transformed that beloved park. Great parks are magnets for philanthropy.

In the process, one other goal of the city would also be met—a large, lively, downtown park for all the people. The Center's greenheart would be 40–50 acres, comparable to Luxembourg Gardens in Paris or the Boston Common. Using walking and biking trails as well as a trolley, linkages to the new Olympic Sculpture Park (8.5 acres), the new South Lake Union Park and a loop trail around Lake Union could be created.

Sounds good, but remember this is Seattle, where big changes provoke big disputes. Local politicians are wary of anything that might re-ignite the Commons wars. The Center is a congeries of big and small beneficiaries, nervous about any change.

family fun, performing arts, museums, giant festivals and tourist magnets—in search of an author. The Center and its many constituents defend this absence of an organizing idea as a virtue—a democratic gathering place that expresses Seattle's ideals of inclusion and diversity. Over the years, however, some of these jumbled-together uses have faded away, such as the conference center, the symphony and (soon) sports. This "editing" is a good idea, particularly for the buildings that have reached the end of their useful lives and defy resuscitation.

If Seattle Center is a curiously unfocused institution, so the surrounding neighborhoods are a kind of no-man's land. Take Lower Queen Anne, now called Uptown. The retail clusters are unfocused, sprawling along three north-south and two east-west streets without the linear clarity of Capitol Hill's 15th or Portland's NW 23rd. Heavy traffic and parking lot grey-fields produce surges of congestion, and wall off the Center. The oddest area of neglect is the triangle south of Broad Street, called "the triangle of death" by frustrated area planners—a jumble of low commercial buildings, municipal holdings and roaring Aurora.

Add life inside the Center and reorient some of the perimeter institutions toward the open space. Examples: a large summer amphitheater, walking loops and exercise trails; a winter garden, small stages and all-weather pavilions; quality food service; public art with a "wow" factor; viewable activities like skating rinks; and boat basins and imaginative playgrounds with "play workers" to encourage more exploration. Find new sources of funding so there can be more free events, such as summer concerts and outdoor theatre.

Gradually decrease the large surges of traffic, particularly from large rock shows and sporting events, and encourage uses that provide steadier traffic and are more synergistic.

One Blueprint for a Greenheart

Recently a group that favors a campus paradigm for Seattle Center, called Friends of the Green at Seattle Center (or FROG), has been pushing for a parks paradigm for the Center. Its basic principles:

Edit out worn-out money-losing uses in the heart of the Center, reclaiming them as continuous open spaces. Organize the entire campus ensemble so it feels more unified.

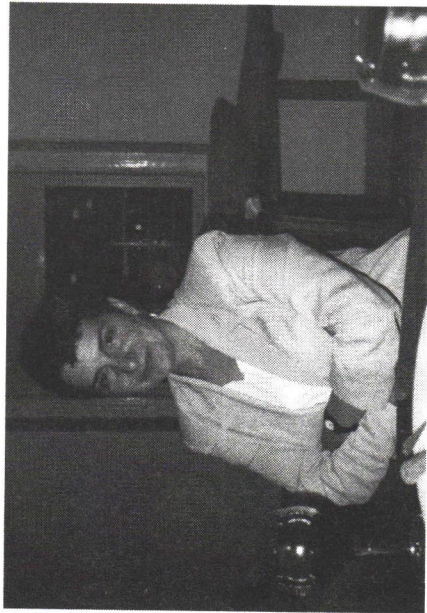
Let the neighborhoods cozy up to the Center's edge, and build somewhat higher to capture developer fees for the Center, increasing density and eyes on the park. Replace perimeter parking lots with underground parking, particularly by replacing Memorial Stadium with a large central underground parking garage with a landscaped lid.

Psychogeography + Hudson River Valley + the High Line + Minetta Brook + Loss = An Update

Barbara Swift

In December 2005 the nonprofit organization Minetta Brook was involved in numerous projects: completing the extensive *Watershed: Hudson Valley Art Project*; realizing Robert Smithson's *Floating Island*—a planted barge circumnavigating Manhattan Island; advancing the High Line artist collaboration with Ann Hamilton and Alice Waters; and beginning a new project in Texas.

With Diane's death, the Minetta Brook era is ending, and, with it, a powerful vehicle for uncompromising work and discussion.



Diane Shamash
photo: Sandra Percival

By December 2006, Minetta Brook director Diane Shamash had died at 51, and Minetta Brook looked likely to close shop. The High Line artist collaboration was fading without Diane as an advocate. Separately, DIA: Chelsea had pulled out from a commitment to develop a contemporary exhibition space at the south end of the High Line, and the Whitney was looking at the Chelsea neighborhood with its architect Renzo Piano. This is sad and chilling: the numerous dissolutions and collapses that follow a death.

This article is about loss: of an individual and an organization with a mission of strengthening the relationship between artists and communities through projects, exhibits and events that refused to descend to the public. It is about artwork profoundly embedded in place—the ecological, historical and social organism of place—and, to a lesser degree, embedded in the commercial and public art worlds.

Diane Shamash, director of Public Art at the Seattle Arts Commission from 1987 to 1993, started Minetta Brook in 1995 and

"was never scared to create 'public art,' which in practice was seen and appreciated by a very small audience. For Diane, public art was not a popularity contest. If she refused to submit to the tyranny of the popular, Diane also refused to be told what art was and was not. Food could be art, as could barbecue grills or park benches." This Felixsalmon blog quote encapsulates Diane's core approach that was of such great value. It is important in this time of a polarized art world, with studio-based art seemingly dominated by a commercialized "Entertainment Tonight" art scene of spectacular consumption, and public art viewed by some as having little standing within critical discourse or any reciprocal relationship with the contemporary art world.

Minetta Brook's commitment to artists and place resulted in *riverrun* in the fall of 2002, two weeks of nightly screenings of works by Richard Serra, John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Peter Hutton, and Colleen Mulrenan projected on the façade of the Holland Tunnel Ventilation Building for an audience of 2.5 million. It resulted in the *Watershed Project*: ten artists working within the environmental, historical, and cultural context of the Hudson River Valley Region. Christian Phillip Mueller, George Trakas, Constance De Jong and others built on the legacy of the region with works that referenced the working river, the colored

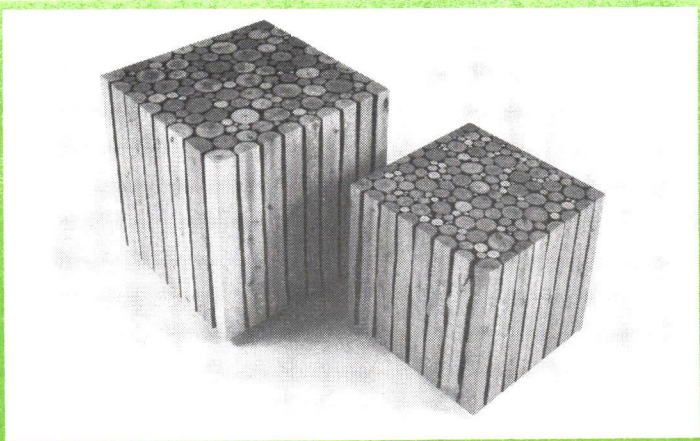
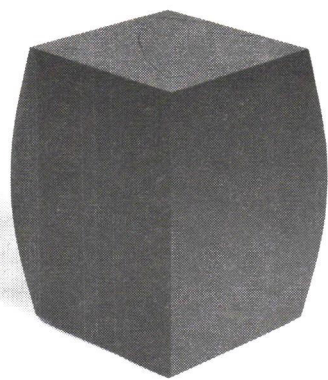
lenses of Claude Lorrain, and the taste of the region's soils in vegetables and produce. The *Watershed Project* was first and foremost artists and their ideas about what constitutes place. Supporting these artists and their pursuits was an expansive network of individuals, organizations, governments and universities, easing the obstacles that can stop challenging work. Culinary events marked project milestones with the *Watershed Tastemakers Series*, binding people to the project by celebrating the relationship of food and place.

Diane shaped a venue to support artists' exploring the public landscape with great rigor—bridging the gap between contemporary artists and the public. This commitment began a process of building a critical discourse around a body of psychogeographic work in the public realm, engaging viewers in an organic and pointed relationship to place. This body of work, with roots in Situationist theory, was pressing discourse to a level that is rarely achieved in the commercial or public sectors. Bridges in a polarized circumstance are usually built by the force and commitment of an individual, and are rarely supported financially as needed to sustain the vision. Witness the short life of Horsehead in Seattle. With Diane's death, the Minetta Brook era is ending, and with it a powerful vehicle for uncompromising work and discussion.

Why should we on the West Coast care? We should care because of what Minetta Brook accomplished in its short lifetime and the example it leaves us. We have lost an individual and an organization that were creating a well-regarded and compelling body of work within the public realm. The art world has lost a champion for complex and rich work profoundly embedded in the patterns, both solid and ephemeral, of place. If Diane had lived and Minetta Brook flourished, the ripple

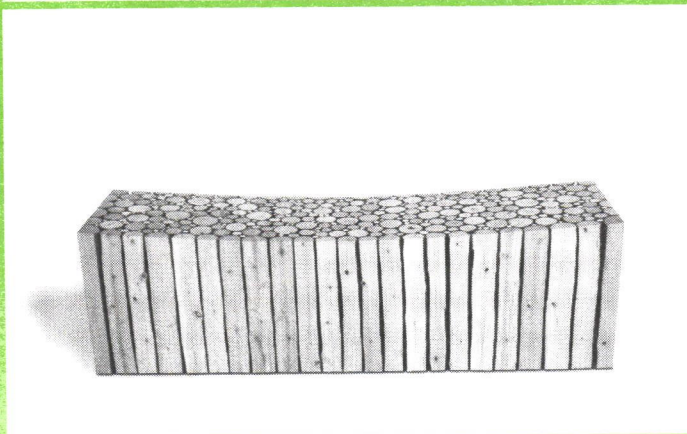
effect of this disciplined, invigorated engagement could have been even more significant. Minetta Brook and its short lifespan highlight the difficulty of securing sustained support for conceptual, demanding and often ephemeral work in the public realm—work designed to engender conversation. In the Northwest, 4Culture is pressing into this arena through its site-specific program. With organizations like Western Bridge, Suyama Space and Henry Art Gallery presenting provocative work within their walls, what would happen if they came together in alliance to take work outside, using the public realm to champion the art of the idea, creating opportunities for artists to create challenging work? Loss illuminates, and so Diane Shamash and Minetta Brook stand as an example of what can be done—with enough determination, dedication and energy—to transform our experience of place with a rigorous engagement of art and the public realm.

Barbara Swift, of Swift & Company, wishing she could have had dinner with Diane at 80.



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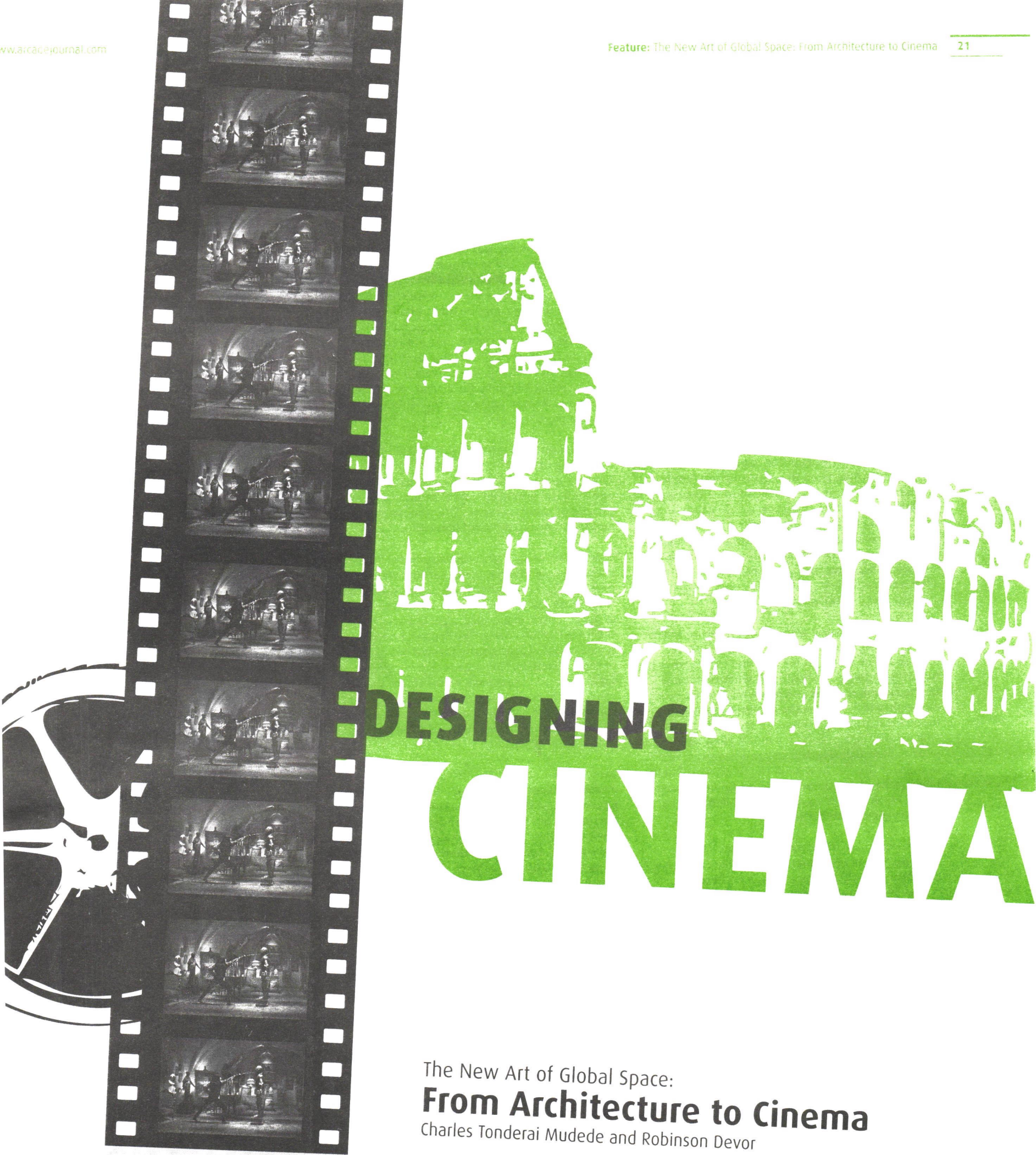
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The New Art of Global Space:

From Architecture to Cinema

Charles Tonderai Mudede and Robinson Devor

We want to think about architecture and its relationship with cinema in two distinct ways. One is the historical mode established by Victor Hugo in the second chapter, "This Will Kill That," of his novel *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. We call this mode diachronic, as it examines objects or phenomena across ("dia") time ("chronic"). The types of questions that the diachronic mode asks are: "Does the meaning and function of architecture change over time?" "Does the meaning and function of cinema change over time?" And if so, and we certainly think so, "how and what has changed about the role architecture and cinema play over time?"



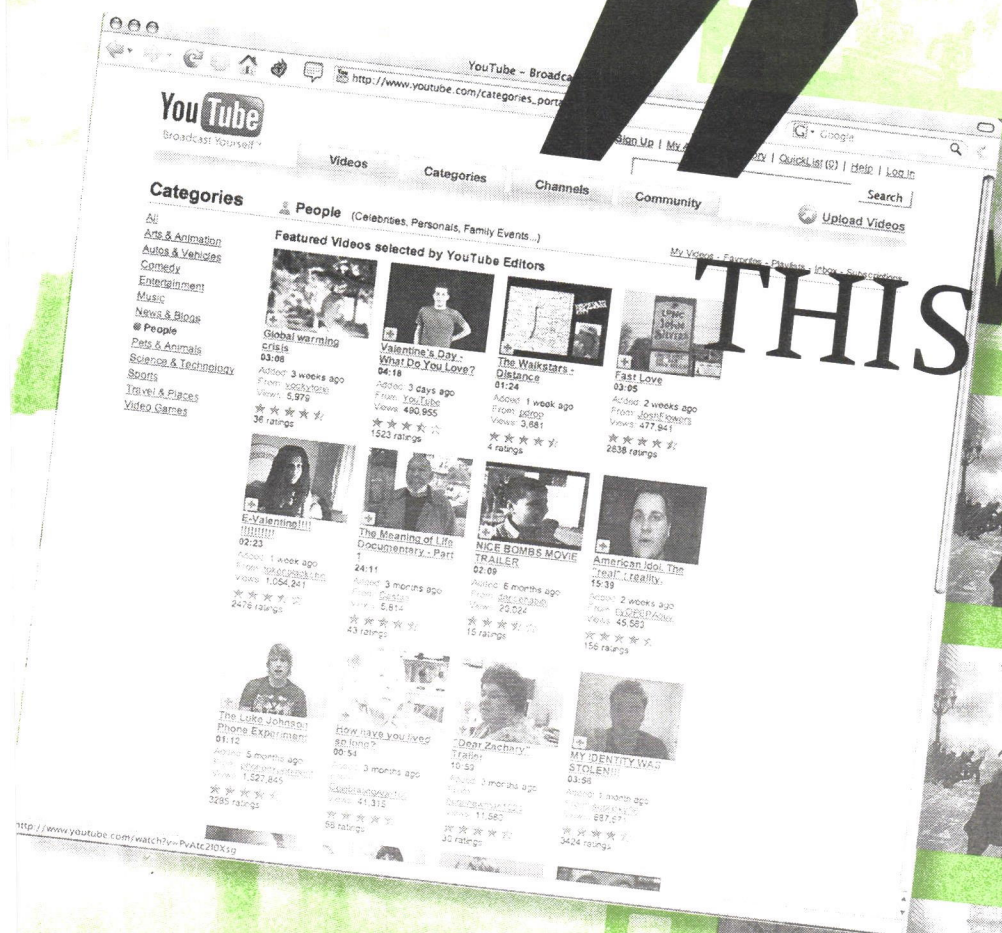
*When the first modem came into existence,
the film director should have stopped and yelled in fear:*

“

THIS

WILL KILL

THAT”





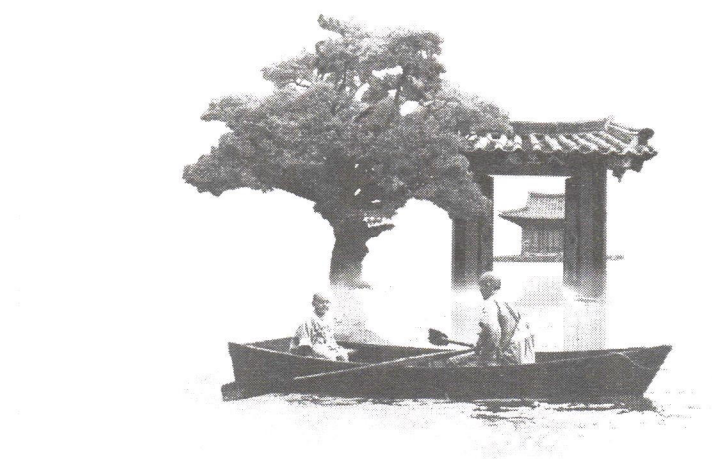
ARCHITECTURE ON FILM

"In a script, you have to link various episodes together, you have to generate suspense and you have to assemble things—through editing, for example. It's exactly the same in architecture. Architects also put together spatial episodes to make sequences." —Rem Koolhaas

In accordance with a synchronic examination of the relationship between architecture and cinema, rather than the historical one presented in “The New Art of Global Space,” each writer in this section has selected an object of architecture (a building, home, park, temple) that’s in a movie and briefly contrasts its role/function in the movie with its function/role in reality. For example, in the sci-fi film *Gattaca*, the complex that plays the role of the headquarters for Gattaca Corporation is in actuality the Marin County Government Center. In the movie, the building plays a private institution that launches space rockets, and in the real world it is a public institution that manages the civic affairs of a California county. What this conversion in function and meaning exposes is one, that buildings tell stories, and two, the stories they tell are not fixed, made permanent by an architect — such as Frank Lloyd Wright with the Marin County Government Center — but can be shifted, rearranged, transformed by a director, such as Andrew Niccol in *Gattaca*.

Charles Mudede

Marin Civic Center: *Gattaca*
Frank Lloyd Wright, 1957
Photo: Eddy Joaquim



Jusan Pond:
Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter and...Spring
Annie Han

A small floating Buddhist temple sits in the middle of the pond surrounded by the mountains. One enters this compound by a rowboat from the dock, through a wooden gate that has no physical walls to attach the gate onto. The temple itself sits on a wooden platform, designating a small ground for the structure, and inside the enclosed temple room is another freestanding door without walls dividing a tiny room into a further tiny room. Its courtyard is water and its walls the mountains. It rotates and moves with the wind and rain and freezes and warms up with the seasons. The seemingly floating doors magnify the silence and isolation and formalize the behavior of those who enter and occupy the space within it: one must enter the space with invisible walls through the doors so to announce ones deliberate act of wanting to be in it. It is hopelessly empty without this deliberate interaction and bountifully occupied when human traces are visible. In this building, the perpetual cycle of human suffering and reward through ones own actions unfolds where the architecture provides a contained atmosphere that needs a living presence.

Directed by a Korean filmmaker, Kim Ki-duk, in 2003, *Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter and...Spring* takes place in North Kyungsang Province in Korea at a 200 year-old man-made Jusan Pond where the director built this temporary structure as a set for his film with special permission from the government. This piece of architecture, which is the center of the story, only exists in the film and nowhere else.

Annie Han is a co-founder of Lead Pencil Studio, a collaborative practice for projects in architecture and installation art. She wants to create Spaces for Nothing and enjoys reading *Beautiful Stories for Ugly Children*.



BART: *THX-1138*
photo: Hal Bergman

BART: *THX-1138*

David Goldberg

In George Lucas's *THX-1138* (1970), parts of San Francisco's then uncompleted Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) rail system are used. In one scene the camera tracks a wandering character through a shadowy, damp, unfinished tableaux of pre-cast concrete, snaking electrical conduits and exposed rebar. This was probably Embarcadero station. As the rest of the original cut of the film (vs. the CGI "enhanced" director's cut) uses actual Bay Area architecture—e.g., the Broadway Tunnel in San Francisco and Frank Lloyd Wright's Marin County Civic Center, Lucas's use of this raw space to represent the edge of a dystopian underground hive amplifies the character's distance from air conditioning, mood-regulating drugs, and his drone-consumer community of bald white people. Lucas, recognizing that reality is always stranger than fiction, sutures the edge of his imagined future metropolis to the actual beginnings of Bay Area sprawl. BART was designed by the joint venture known as P-B-T-B: Parsons-Brinkerhoff-Tudor-Bechtel.

David Goldberg is a teacher, writer, programmer, multimedia developer and music producer who positions his work and research so as to straddle multiple disciplines and streams of culture. His visual research into the accelerating mutations of identity and history under the impact of electronic technologies have been presented at Columbia University, the University of Southern California, and UC Santa Cruz, as well as in a number of web-based projects and online communities such as *Afrofuturism*. He currently teaches at the University of Hawaii at Manoa in the departments of Art and Art History and American Studies.

The Jungle: *Training Day*

Larry Mizell Jr.

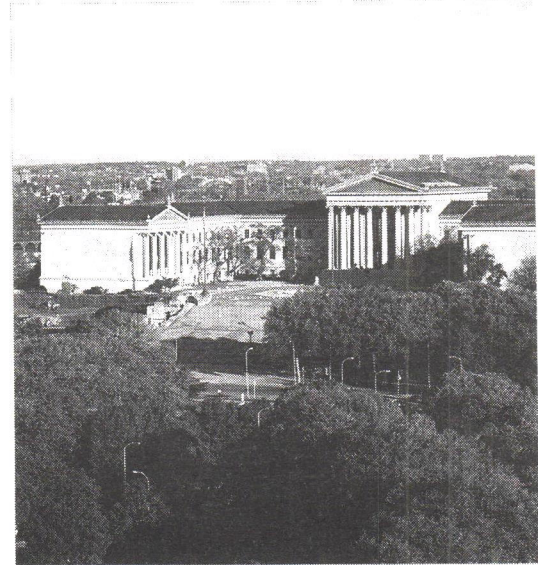
In the late 80s my mom moved my older brother and me into LA's Baldwin Village, the gang-choked neighborhood better known as the Jungle (or the Jungles). The dense, twisty, one-way-in-one-way-out stretch of dead ends is thought to be one of LA's most dangerous hoods—I myself didn't find out for years that the Jungle was in fact originally named for the palms and other tropical plant life that tower over and infiltrate the apartment blocks.

The neighborhood was (and still is) controlled by the Black P Stones, a Chicago-based gang long integrated into LA's enterprising Blood network. In the 2001 film *Training Day*, Denzel Washington got his Oscar turn for playing crooked cop, Alonzo Harris. Alonzo takes his rookie partner (Ethan Hawke) to an apartment building on Palmwood Drive in the Jungles, where he keeps his mistress and their son. Who knows who designed the building and when it was completed? But one thing for sure is: it's about as ugly and stark as Harris's own take on justice—tiers of run-down apartments surrounding a large concrete courtyard, in turn surrounded by spiky black steel fences.

These apartments and the buildings around it comprise a grim compound within occupied territory, in real life and in its movie incarnation. 'Flamed-up' gang members, toting automatic weapons, stand sentry on roofs high above the dead-end streets, warning unknown faces that they've come to the wrong place.

The Jungles' sole appearance on celluloid was bona fide, and it's very real reputation referenced in the film by Hawke, who wisely observed that "you don't come in here without a platoon"; to maintain the utmost authenticity, it's said that director Antoine Fuqua obtained permission from the local sets so he could shoot on location. Near the end of the film, a bloodied and betrayed Hawke strides up Palmwood, pistol in hand, to ambush Denzel in his Jungle lair. There's something about that scene that always takes me right back there, to my own walks home. Don't get it twisted, I loved our old apartment, and the late-night building-wide swim parties that would spontaneously erupt—screaming kids leaping off the 3rd-storey tiers into the pool. The game face I learned from the walk to and from school, though, I'll never forget.

Larry Mizell Jr. is a Los Angeles-born writer and musician living in Seattle. He writes the hip-hop column "My Philosophy" for Seattle's *The Stranger*, and MCs in the 206 hip-hop crews Cancer Rising and the Nite Owls. Larry's father is legendary funk/jazz/disco producer Larry Mizell; as a child he brought Donald Byrd LP's to school and claimed it was his name credited in the liner notes, which earned him zero friends.



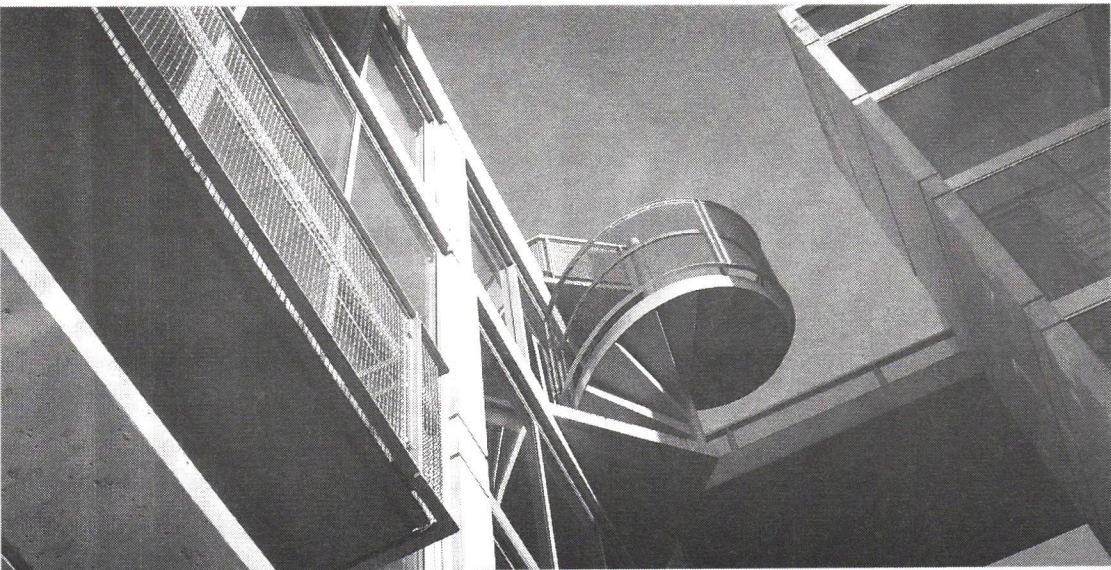
Philadelphia Museum of Art: *Rocky*
Hermann J. Schwarzmann, 1876
photo: Courtesy of the Philadelphia Museum of Art

The Philadelphia Museum of Art: *Rocky*

Scott Wienberg

The Philadelphia Museum of Art may look like just another gorgeous piece of architecture that houses some of the most impressive artworks in the country, but to the people of Philadelphia (and on fictional boxer) the edifice is a whole lot more than that. Designed by Hermann J. Schwarzmann for the 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park, the museum first opened its doors to the public on May 10, 1877. For more than a century the Philadelphia Museum of Art has stood proudly as one of the finest such facilities in America, but when John G. Avildsen's *Rocky* hit the movie houses in late 1976, the Art Museum earned a pop culture facelift that's presently enjoying its third consecutive decade. As blue-collar wannabe pugilist Rocky Balboa ascends the majestic stairs in front of the museum (to the notes of Tom Conti's memorable score), he's actually climbing out of poverty, desperation and anonymity, pulling himself from the mire through sheer force of will and determination. Needless to say, the old-school Philadelphians have no problem embracing these kinds of ideals, which is why Balboa (and his world-famous museum steps) will always hold a special place in the heart of the City of Brotherly Love.

"Scott Weinberg": If the name sounds familiar, then you probably live in Philadelphia or Austin. Or you've been to Web sites like Cinematical, Joblo's Movie Emporium, Rotten Tomatoes, DVDTalk, FearNet or eFilmCritic. Or you're related to him. Or you're reading this bio.



Waterfall: *Paycheck*
Arthur Erickson & Nick Milkovitch, 1996
Photo: Aaron Peck

The Waterfall: *Paycheck* Aaron Peck

The Waterfall, a mixed-use residential and commercial building designed by Arthur Erickson and Nick Milkovitch in 1996, developed by Stephen Shavro, and completed in 2002, is located at 1540 West 2nd Avenue in Vancouver's False Creek neighborhood. The building is modeled after Le Corbusier's *Unité d'Habitation*, which, in fact, is not a building but a series of buildings with interlocking cross-sections. Along with storefronts on West 2nd Ave, a commercial art gallery, Elliot Louis Gallery, resides in "The Gastrodome," the main raminal atrium in the middle of a structure, which was originally designed to be a restaurant.

A peculiar part of Vancouver, The Waterfall is situated between car dealerships, Granville Island, low-rise condos, the Nettwerk recording studios, and two bridges that connect the downtown peninsula with Kitsilano and the South Granville side. The area somewhat resembles what is happening to most of Brooklyn: yuppies gone mad in post-industrial neighborhoods.

Like all of Erickson's damp concrete architecture, the Waterfall is stunningly un-photogenic. Nevertheless, it appears in *Paycheck* (2003), a film directed by John Woo and based on a Phillip K Dick story of the same name. The Waterfall assumes a role many buildings in Vancouver have had to take at one point or another: stand in for a building of some American city. In this case, Vancouver pretends to be Seattle, its closest American neighbor (although anyone who has spent time in both cities would recognize, despite proximity, how different the two cities are, a fact emphasized in the film by the uniqueness of this Vancouver landmark).

The Waterfall, in all its futuristic-style, acts as the hub for Allcom, a corporation of dubious ethics that has stolen the plans to construct a lens/computer that can "see past the bend in the universe" and into the future. As for the various

buildings in this complex, we get to see the inside of the condos; in this case, Uma Thurman's apartment, aerial views of the complex, and "The Gastrodome," which becomes a biology lab and the main entrance for Allcom through which our heroes, Thurman and Ben Affleck, must gain access after having quit the evil company. All of this serves a very dramatic purpose: Affleck and Thurman get to blow up The Waterfall in order to stop Aaron Eckhart, a greedy venture capitalist, from destroying the world.

But before the explosions—and only tangentially related to The Waterfall itself—Affleck and Thurman are riding a BMW motorcycle, which they acquired from the local dealership in False Creek, in a high-speed car-chase scene. Their assailant (played by Colm Feore) radios his boss, Eckhart, to inform him that Affleck and Thurman are on the corner of "6th and Pine," which in real-life Vancouver is a corner still in the doldrums of False Creek, where it is filmed, four blocks from Erickson's Waterfall, but which, in fiction, would place a car chase right next to Nordstrom in the heart of downtown Seattle.

Aaron Peck is the author of the chapbook *Crepuscule on Mission Street* (Nomados, 2006). His novel, "The Bewilderments of Bernard Willis," is forthcoming with Pedlar Press in 2008. He frequently writes about art; reviews and articles have recently appeared in *Fillip* and *Canadian Art*, and with Adam Harrison he co-edits the online art magazine, *Doppelganger*. He lives in New York City where he is currently pursuing a PhD.



House of Parliament: *V for Vendetta*

Houses of Parliament: *V for Vendetta* Stephen Shaviro

The film adaptation of *V for Vendetta* constructs and deconstructs an architectonics of spectacle. It presumes to attack the "society of the spectacle" through means that are themselves spectacular: a visual narrative regularly punctuated with fireworks and explosions, and that culminates in the blowing up of the Houses of Parliament.

V for Vendetta conflates architectural spectacle with the spectacle of the human face. Its major opposition is between the Houses of Parliament and other imposing structures of public order, on the one hand, and the underground realm — tunnels, caves, the metro — where the revolutionary hero V (Hugo Weaving) has his refuge, on the other. But this opposition is also one between the ubiquitous face of the fascist dictator in the world of the movie, and the complete facelessness of V. The dictator's face only appears, many times larger than life, on an enormous video monitor as he gives orders to his flunkies, and on gigantic public video screens on the sides of skyscrapers, as he exhorts the masses. Against this, we never get to see V's face at all: he is always wearing a creepily smiling Guy Fawkes mask—with the implication that there is no face at all behind the mask, but only flayed flesh and muscles. This opposition is also one of voice: as the dictator speaks in hectoring tones to his flunkies, or condescendingly to the public, his voice tends towards the hysterical, while the obscenely magnified opening and closing of his mouth, together with his far-from-perfect teeth, command our visual attention. Meanwhile, we can never see V's mouth moving behind his mask; and his pronouncements, often filled with literary allusions, elaborate metaphors, over-polite diction from past centuries, and frequent alliteration, seem to be coming from nowhere on the screen; it's more like a dispassionate voiceover narration.

No one who has visited London or Washington, D.C., or any other seat of power, can doubt the efficacy of grandiose architectures and the symbolic spectacles that accompany them. Which is why *V for Vendetta* — or any imagining of the overturn of power — must imagine a counter-spectacle of architectural destruction as well. Blowing up the statues and the Towers, obliterating the monstrosity of the Face: these movements abolishing sovereignty also bear witness (inadvertently?) to sovereign architecture's hold upon the human spirit.

Steven Shaviro is the DeRoy Professor of English at Wayne State University. He is the author of *The Cinematic Body* (1993), *Doom Patrols: A Theoretical Fiction about Postmodernism* (1997), and *Connected, or, What it Means to Live in the Network Society* (2003), and numerous essays about film, video, science fiction, and contemporary American culture. His blog is *The Pinocchio Theory* (<http://www.shaviro.com/Blog>).



1820 East Thomas Street: *Singles*
photo: Shannon Knoppe

The Oregon State Insane Asylum: *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*

Cienna Madrid

The Oregon State Insane Asylum in Salem, Oregon, began construction in May 1883 with materials and labor from the nearby Oregon State Penitentiary. Before its erection, counties had dealt with the mentally ill on an individual basis; citizens in some counties housed "lunatics" for \$1.00 per day. As the first public mental hospital in Oregon, the asylum would accommodate up to 412 patients, some as young as six years old. The facility's name was changed to Oregon State Hospital in 1913. In this year a hospital crematory was also added to the site and all burials in the Asylum Cemetery were exhumed and cremated. Headstones bought by families of the deceased were left with nothing to memorialize. They were removed to a nearby wooded area, creating an empty graveyard.

In 1962 the Oregon State Hospital became the setting of Ken Kesey's first novel, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. 13 years later, Milos Forman directed the five-time Academy Award winning adaptation of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, which was also filmed almost exclusively at the Oregon State Hospital. Jack Nicholson won his first Oscar for his portrayal of protagonist Randle McMurphy, a gambler and con-man sentenced to six months on a work farm. McMurphy gladly defers to the Oregon State Hospital after a doctor pronounces him a psychopath ("too much fighting and fucking") because he believes the hospital will be more comfortable. Once committed, McMurphy clashes with the tyrannical Nurse Mildred Ratched, played by Academy Award winner Louise Fletcher. Their power struggles are not those of a healthy versus unhealthy mind. Sane or insane, the characters are equally matched and penned in the same institution, the same architecture, the same movie.

The facility, with its grandiose high ceiling dome and austere hospital decor, is like a palace of madness. The architect of the original structure is unknown; what is known, however, is that each wing of the hospital was designed by a unique architect, some anonymous, all sane. Each of these architects had the privilege of deciding the most soothing environment for the mentally tweaked. Their professional successes created not just a mad

house, but an entire complex of madness built upon itself like layers of hell. In this respect, the Oregon State Hospital in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* acts as the perfect foil for both the mentally unstable and those who care for them. It was designed and run by the sane and privileged, but built for and by the insane and oppressed. But the sanity of the hospital's creators and caregivers is called into question by the designs of their creation. How sane is it to build asylums to house children? Where is the logic in building an empty graveyard and overstuffed crematorium? The hospital silently posits: are the sane fit to care for the mentally ill? Or does the deliberate creation of a mad house only succeed in turning everyone within its walls mad?

The Oregon State Hospital is still operational. In 2005, it was assessed as architecturally unsafe by KMD Architects in Portland, OR. "We found it was no longer an appropriate facility for its patients," explained architect Tom Gross. "But we have no recommendations on how the buildings should be used or disposed of," he added. In August 2006, the hospital was fined over \$10,000 dollars for asbestos violations. In 2006, *The Oregonian* newspaper was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing for its coverage of the fate of 5000 cans of cremains neatly stacked and stored on the property. The hospital is also currently facing a 20% staffing shortage.

Cienna Madrid is a freelance writer living and working in Seattle. She is currently working on her first novel. It will probably have nothing to do with architecture.

1820 East Thomas Street: *Singles*

Rich Jansen

The structure at 1820 East Thomas Street in Seattle was designed in 1928 as the "Bungalow Court Apartments" by Harold C. Perry on a commission from Robert Wark. The term Bungalow apparently drifted into English usage in the 17th Century, early in Britain's colonization of India. Applied to housing, it means: single-family, one-storey residences with large, open entries or porches for lounging informally 'in the manner of the Bengali. We imagine Mr. Perry's low-slung vision conforming to the casual ideal of bungalow-living, but here the courtyard plays the role of community front-porch to the 17 residences circled around it.

Let this vision twist with the world 64 years and then populate it with white, single, twenty-some-things with unsteady and self-conscious grasps on low-hanging rungs of middle-class society. Now "Bungalow Court" plays the apartment building at the center of Cameron Crowe's pseudo-grungy pastiche *Singles* from 1992. It's the funk-ily friendly, "Melrose Place-y" place where a young transportation planner (plotting a doomed monorail) falls for a shy girl with a taste for espresso. Kooky young neighbors and grunge-addled dates spy on comings and goings through the shared courtyard to complicate the narrative. There's drinking and sunbathing on the roof. There's band practice in the basement laundry-room. Members of Mudhoney, Tad, Pearl Jam and Soundgarden hang around, helping to move furniture, fix car stereos and the like. The film closes with a superhuman zoom from above the courtyard, out, up, and away, taking in a view of Capitol Hill and then downtown and the whole city of Seattle while the soundtrack fills with dozens of voices engaged in banal, heterosexual date-talk. It's an unavoidable image of the urban surface of the region, if not the entire world, seething with the same vaguely libidinous, mildly bohemian, unremarkably Caucasian shenanigans as did occupy the previous 99 minutes of motion picture product. It makes me so hungry for different fiction.

Richard Jansen is the co-founder of Clear Cut Press and Up Records. He may be reached at VnSt-d@e@gmail.com.

Seattle/Cinema/Architecture

Robert Horton



Seattle's movie architecture? Depends not only on the angle, but the era.

In the location shoots of the 1970s, the waterfront attractiveness of *Cinderella Liberty* and *Scorchy* caught naïve city landscape in decline; by the time the world anointed Seattle as the hip place to set movies (from *Disclosure* to *Firewall*), the city's face had been cleaned up and smoothed over. Sometimes beyond recognizability; the more economical Vancouver, B.C., frequently stands in for Seattle's stunt double.) But certain things—the Space Needle, the Viaduct—endure. Until the Big One hits, anyway. Here are seven movie views of Seattle's face.

Happened at the World's Fair/The Parallax View. Two visions of American life—Elvis Presley and political assassination—coinciding at the Space Needle. The Elvis picture is bad, but its location shoot at the Century 21 Exhibition does capture the sleek, firsting foolishness of the city on the edge of Tomorrow, a Space Age wonderland where a Monorail ride lasts exactly as long as it takes for Elvis to sing a song. (How right it was for Presley's pelvis to be near the thrusting World's Fair monuments—if only he didn't look like a wax figure of himself.) Alan Pakula's *Parallax View* is great, and it catches the rancid, paranoid aftertaste of the '70s. In the seventies, as the Needle is now both a massed-in trap (where a politico is shot) and scary vertiginous saucer (from which the assassin falls to the depressed streets below). 1963/1974.

Trouble in Mind. 1940s film noir vibe meets futurism; which means you must have the Alaskan Way Viaduct. As gunslinger type Kris Kristofferson arrives in RainCity (Alan Rudolph's fictional warp on Seattle), the Viaduct streaks across the smoky backdrop, boxcars slinking underneath. A movie frame creates its own architecture—consider the vectors of Angelina Jolie's KOMO reporter in *Life or Something Like It*, for instance—and the Viaduct looks so cool and heavy-gray and symmetrical, it must be a dazzler left over from Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*. (For another save-the-Viaduct vote, see the underrated existential Sly Stallone action picture, *Assassins*.) This dreamy movie ends at the old Seattle Art Museum (now Seattle Asian), its Deco Northwest interiors doubling for the home of the villain played by Divine. A shoot-out destroys a great deal of glass art. 1986.

The Fabulous Baker Boys. Jeff Bridges's apartment: one of those old brick buildings that make up the backbone of a city like Cleveland, but in Seattle stands out as a rare dinosaur of oldness, a picturesque exception. Bridges's apartment has a window that shears out into a view of the city (which elsewhere emerges as a jazzy, neon-lit coolsville where a man in a tuxedo can walk home from work at dawn and where Michelle Pfeiffer might crawl across a piano to kiss you after singing "Makin' Whoopee"). Of course, the apartment does not exist: it was set-dressed in an upper floor of Masin's Furniture Warehouse in Pioneer Square. 1989.

McQ/Singles. When John Wayne made his cop movie in Seattle, nothing could have seemed squarer: the movie galumphs and Seattle were in their pre-Emerald decline. But it's now part of the cinematic time capsule, from the era of Ted Bundy and the occult TV movie *The Night Strangler*. Because the Duke moors his boat in Fremont, we get a glimpse of a frowzy neighborhood profile since erased by development in the software-coffee years. Which brings us to *Singles* (also see Richard Jansen's piece on page 28) released at Seattle's trendy high, even if director Cameron Crowe already had local cred by settling nearby (and shooting his lovely *Say Anything...* here). The Capitol Hill apartment building that serves as the locus for romance is the kind of ordinary place that suddenly turns into an intersection for movie love simply because somebody decided to point a camera at its welcoming shape. That, and putting Bridget Fonda and Matt Dillon there, changes a lot. 1974/1992.

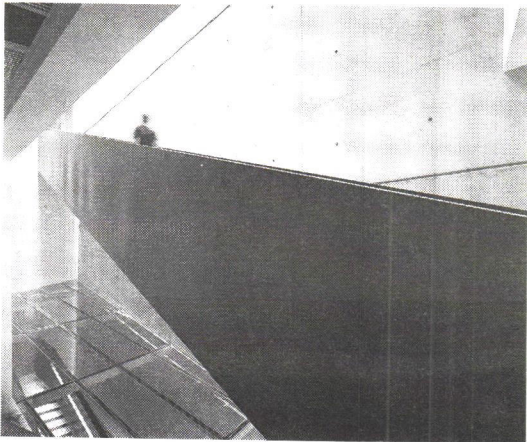
Police Beat. The green-blue metroscape through which a bicycle cop named Z passes is full of Seattle places seen anew. Check out the shots of the Evergreen Point floating bridge, where Z pauses a couple of times; the double-barreled bridge is seen once from above, spreading out across the water like a pair of legs in readiness, and once from below, where its arches give a churchy grace to Z's brooding. 2005.

Seattle native Robert Horton is the film critic for *The Herald-Examiner* and KUOW-FM, the author of "Billy Wilder's Interview," and the curator-host of the Magic Lantern program of film talks at the Frye Art Museum.

The Films of Zaha Hadid

Anna Maria Hong

The prose poems that follow are film scenes that could have taken place in the buildings of Zaha Hadid. An Iraqi architect living in London, Hadid is the first woman to win the Pritzker Architecture Prize, as well as the first female architect to design a major museum in the U.S., the Rosenthal Center for Contemporary Art built in Cincinnati in 2003. Hadid is known for her visionary designs, which employ ingenious geometric shapes and structures to embody movement and intersecting realms of function, as sidewalks become floors which become walls which become ceilings and vice versa, in a playfully steel and glass. Scenes one, four, and five occur in the Rosenthal Center for Contemporary Art. The third scene takes place in the exhibition hall of the Seattle Museum of Volksburg, featuring a few of the architects who design apart from that which we think of as the same old the Zaha Hadid. The fourth is a homage to the work of the great architect and the great architect. The images also feature the work of the great architect and the great architect. The images also feature the work of the great architect and the great architect.



From *Architectural Film* by Zaha Hadid. © 2007 Zaha Hadid. All rights reserved. www.zaha.com

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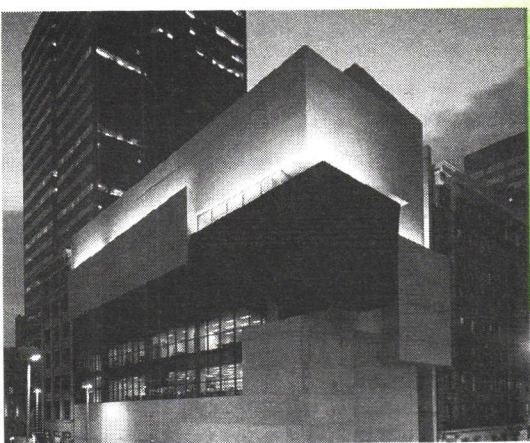
A woman wraps the man in a blue flag, rolling his tongue in black fabric. “Concrete pour of my golden thighs,” she says, binding him like a foot. “To let you feel the symbol.” His arms a trundle, his tongue a mast. The flag, a Minoan caress. He thinks about the denouement of empire, living in the pointy end of the gyre. He breaks like a sweat. “You’re a sapphire, love,” she says.

“Irony will never hurt

I will wrap you like a stone at the bottom of the sea.” The man down the corridor opens his throat to listen. He remembers the smell of juniper and pine. He remembers the scent of the land-locked sea.

“We are all two,”

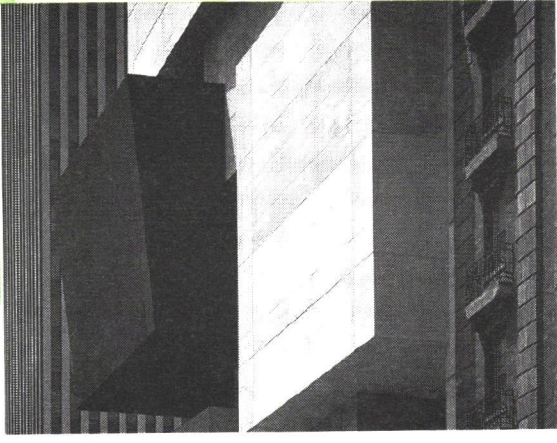
he says. She went.



Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati, Ohio
photo: Roland Halbe, 2003



Phaeno Science Center, Wolfsburg, Germany



Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati, Ohio
photo: Roland Halbe, 2003

2

we see him through a window melting
th rain. Standing by the glass wall, he shuts his
es and opens them to make the darkness thinner.
pulls a necklace of keys from his trench coat
cket and slides them off one by one, trying each
the lock. He does not look down. He does this by
l. One, two, three, four, ...a spark. Pale eyes look
ward, no glint of relief. He flees down the corri-
r on gloved feet. The visage weary, handsomeness
ling away. Later, he will be shot.

“A wounded wolf,”

vs the conspirator
to wants to find him. Later, he will commit a
icide of sorts. The pianist will evoke the double-
oss bearing a glimmer of remorse. The end is
nfusing, the rain relentless, every interior mute.
lose-up of bottles on an old armoire. A bird in
age warns him twice. Every shot is a victory of
oice. Desire, a distillate ripple. The film is blued.
, the dominant color is gray.

A silver light enters the hall.

It begins to snow.

“I don’t believe I’ve been this comfortable,”
says the thief. When the light fades two hours later,
he is nowhere to be seen.

“It was the boredom,” says the companion. “They
lack the patience to listen to stories these days.”

“Ach,” she says. “He forgot his beautiful knife.”

3

“Oh hello, Roberto, I thought you were dead,” she
says stroking a gray wolf. “How nice of you to
drop in.”

Won’t you join us?”

“We’re having lamb testicles,” says her companion.
“I don’t particularly care for the delicacy, but I
don’t have Mathilde’s refined pallet.”

The companion smiles at Ingrid, who sits across
from him at a long wooden table. They are in a
large exhibition hall. A bridge is suspended above
them, and Roberto hangs from a blue cloth tied
to the bridge.

“The jewel,” he says, brandishing a silver blade.

Mathilde puts down her spoon and smiles slowly.
She is wearing an Issey Miyake jacket and a lapis
lazuli ring. “Let me tell you about the life of a star,”
she says, “my grandmother gave this to me.” She
extends her hand toward Roberto, the stone glint-
ing like a wing. She claps her hands, and the steel
roof slides open.

4

Helicopters land on the roof. A dark-haired man
is carrying a woman in a blue gown down a paved
ramp. They had danced earlier in the night. Her
dark hair is twisted into a chignon, though she is
neither French nor Chinese. He is carrying her,

because she has already fainted twice.
She would like to say she has no idea why, but she
knows he knows she has been poisoned. She knows
he is also a spy. He is the most beautiful man she
has ever seen. Someone had poured her an exqui-
site drink. They are moving through the crowd
along the paving toward the glass end night. She
must stay awake. There may even be an antidote.

She came for his secret.

It had something to do with exile. It had something
to do with life.

*A recent Pushcart Prize nominee and National Poetry
Series finalist, Anna Maria Hong has published poems in
journals such as Fence, Black Clock, Cranky Literary
Journal, Golden Handcuffs Review, Puerto del Sol,
and Revolting Sofas. Her writings about literature and
visual art appear in publications including American
Book Review, The Stranger, Poets & Writers, poet-
ryfoundation.org, and The International Examiner.
She teaches writing and literature at the UCLA Writers’
Program and at DigiPen Institute of Technology.*

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Leo Saul Berk, 2006, *Low Ceiling*, acrylic, stainless steel with lighting components

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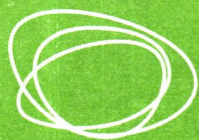
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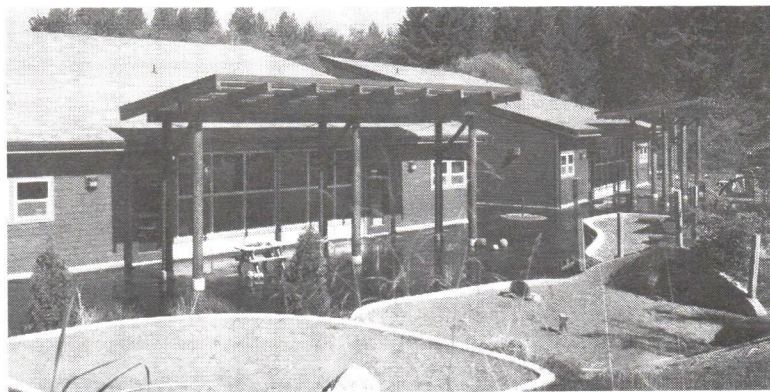
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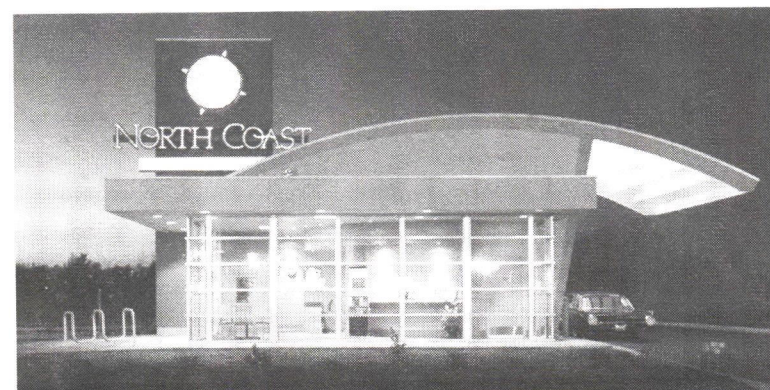
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Peter Arkle

DRAWING A TUMBLEWEED

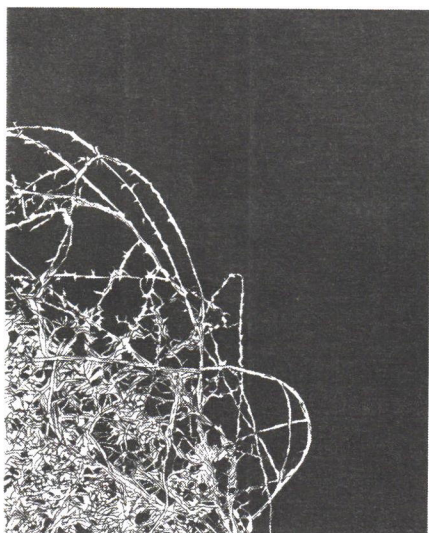
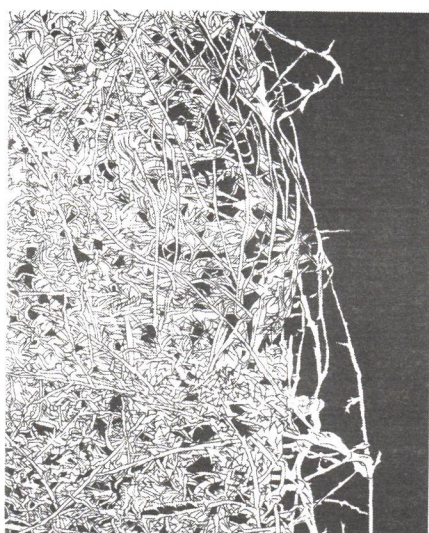
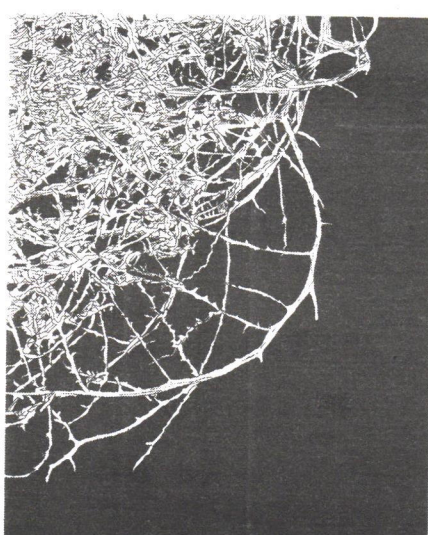
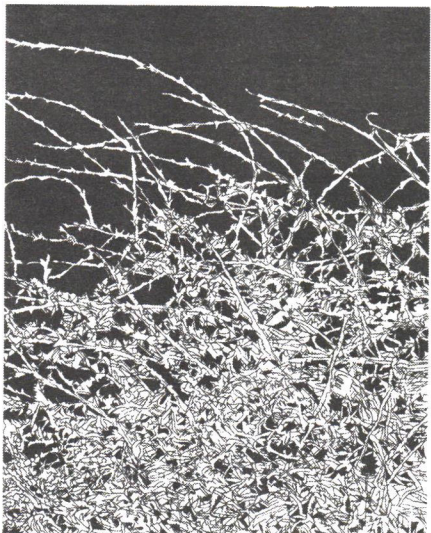
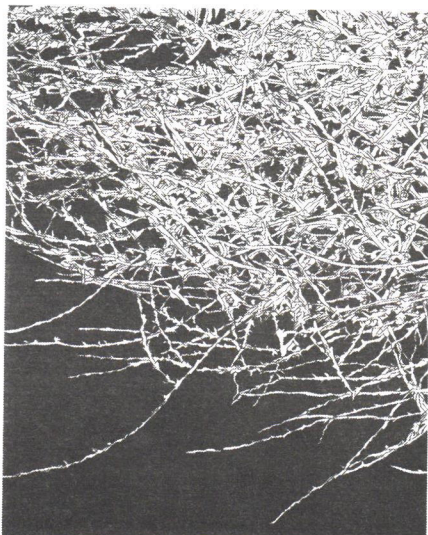
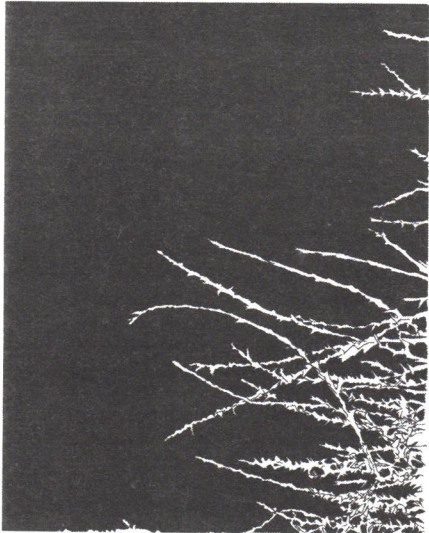
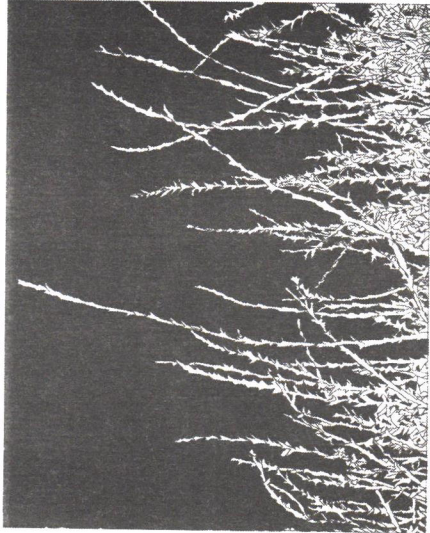
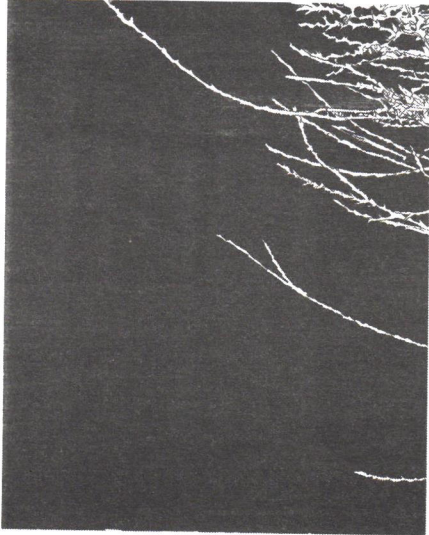
When I moved to New York from London (in 1995), I REALLY did just move to New York. It was about five years before I went anywhere else in America. Friends from the UK were more daring. They would come visit and then go off on long road trips. I would scowl and say: "I HATE road trips."

(OF COURSE I DID: I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE, STILL DON'T — MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.)

Anyway, when I was done scowling, I would ask them to bring me back a tumbleweed. I always thought it would be funny to have one in the city. I imagined setting up fans to make it tumble across my living room during John Wayne movies or surprising people at parties or...

(BUT) no one ever brought me a tumbleweed. One friend did bring me back a cactus. In the end, I found my own tumbleweed in New Mexico. It was much bigger than I had imagined. I sent it to New York via UPS.

Once in New York, the tumbleweed was less of a joke than I thought it would be. It was far too beautiful for that. I would stare at it for ages, admiring the way all the branches met at one slender stem which was the only point connecting it to its roots (a stem that easily snapped and let it go tumbling. It was the perfect souvenir of elsewhere, NOTHING in New York (and certainly nothing in Scotland, where I grew up) was as dry and golden. Sometimes I would feel bad for trapping it and bringing it to the city. I used to wonder where it would have rolled to if I hadn't intervened. My girlfriend would joke about setting it free.

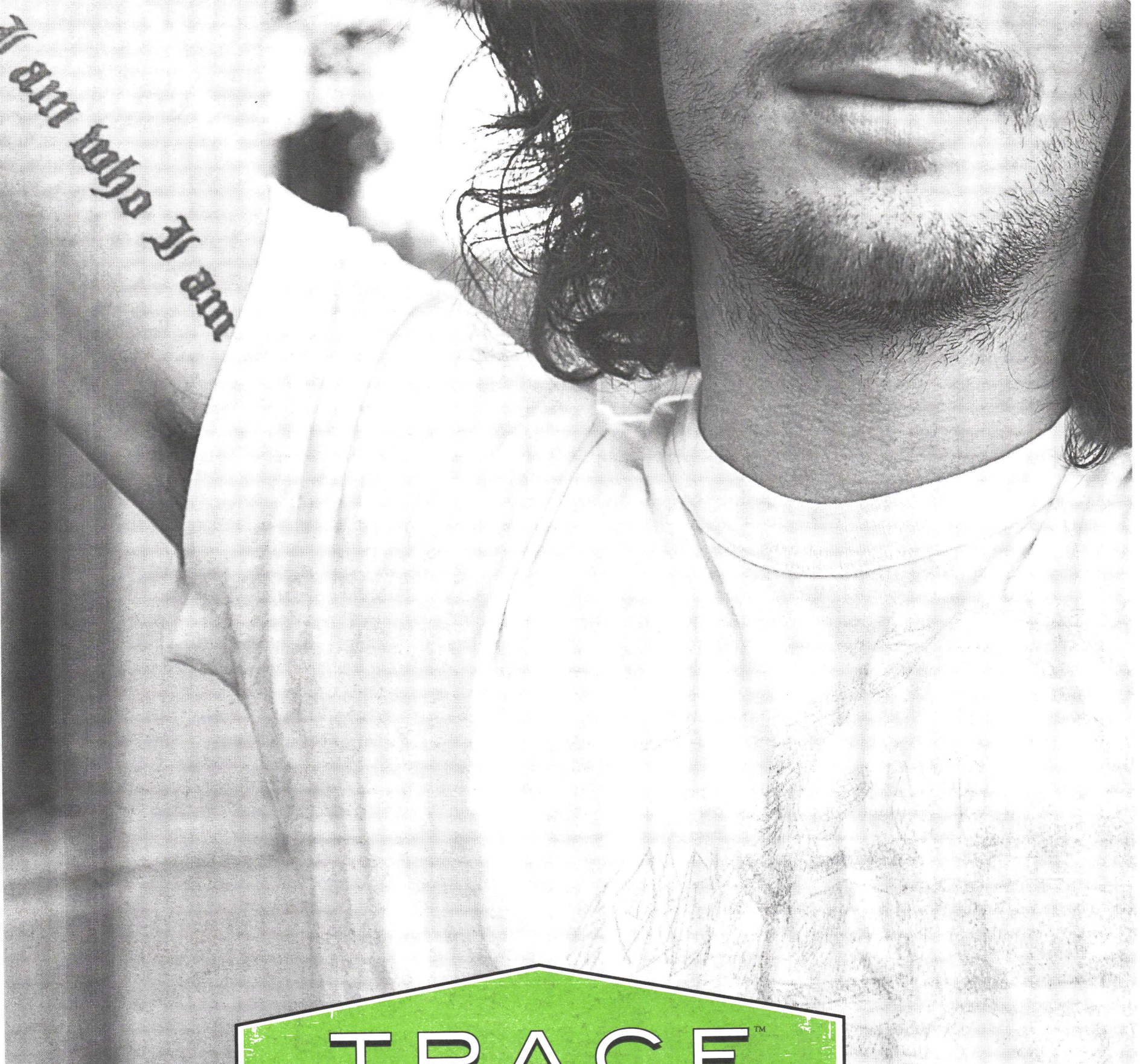


→ EVENTUALLY, after admiring the tumbleweed for a couple of years I started to think about drawing it: A daunting prospect because I didn't want to do a quick impressionistic scribble; I wanted to draw every single little branch. I decided to tackle it in nine 8"x10" sections.

→ — more like knitting than drawing.

NOW I look at the drawing and feel that I could have put even more detail and depth into it. In fact I've started thinking that I need to do a PAINTING. A big painting...

BY PETER ARKLE



A New Original.

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Recently, I've had several lengthy discussions on the best way to draw a peanut. Not a realistic peanut (as Albrecht Dürer might have drawn), but a symbolic peanut—a stylized, one-color icon of the nut.

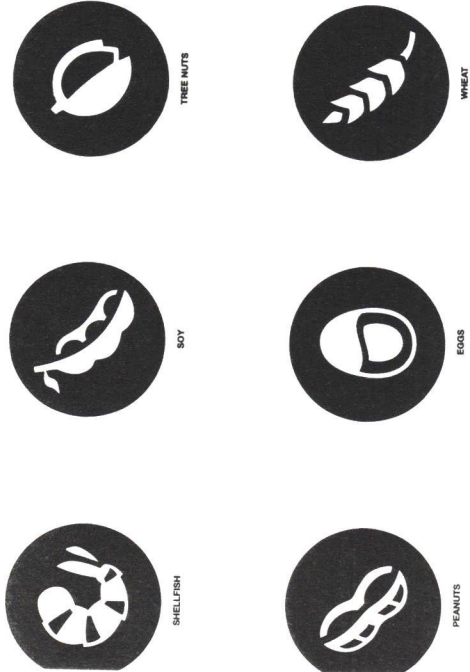


For my part, I've argued that a good symbol could be developed from just half of a nut. After all, the naked, divided peanut reveals some of the key features of the legume: a long ovoid silhouette, a curved interior dimple, and a unique detail at the tip: the vestige of the original bud (I call this the belly button of the peanut).

Other designers have disagreed with me. Over lunch, a senior colleague said flatly, "No—you have to bank on all those years of Mr. Peanut." He made a quick sketch of a textured peanut shell on his napkin, and tapped it with finality.

The peanut symbol under dispute is, of course, part of a graphic design project. A group of junior Visual Communication Design students at the University of Washington are in the process of designing icons for eight of the most common food allergens: peanuts, tree nuts, fish, shellfish, soy, wheat, eggs and milk.

As with so much of design practice, the problem seemed fairly straightforward at the start. But even from just the formal standpoint, translating the organic forms of food into simple, geometric pictograms proved more difficult than anticipated. An effective symbol needs to have sufficient mass, contrast and density; it should be a compact, type-like element that reads clearly, even at reduced scale.



Symbol designs by Brad Mead

How To Draw a Peanut

Karen Cheng



Symbol designs by Matthew Goodrich

Through the use of food allergy symbols, consumers could more easily see what their food contains, and therefore, could avoid serious medical reactions (approximately 4% of the US population suffers from food allergies, and over 150 people die each year from food-related anaphylaxis). As such, this symbol project demonstrates how good design can, both functionally and aesthetically, improve the welfare of the general public.

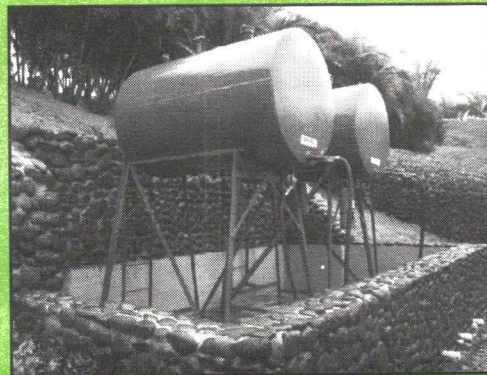
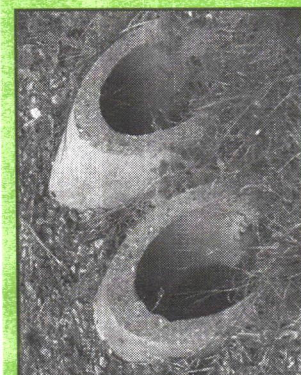
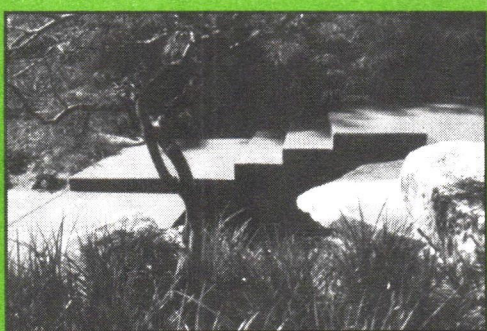
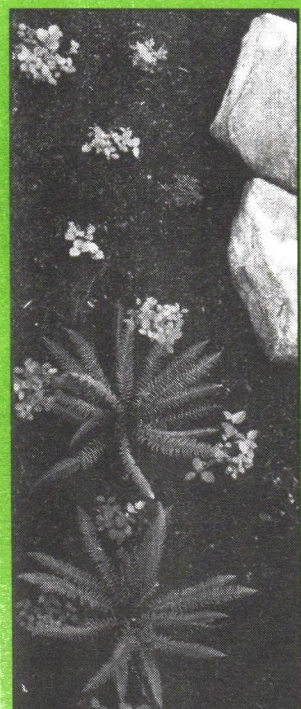
Karen Cheng is a professor of Visual Communication Design at the University of Washington and the author of Designing Type (Yale University Press, 2006). Karen is also a practicing designer whose work has been recognized and published by the AIGA, Communication Arts, Print, Critique, I.D. Magazine and the American Center for Design.

Furthermore, the conceptual challenge of designing symbols quickly becomes dominant over the formal issues. As with the peanuts, each food has its own problems of adaptation. Should an egg be shown whole or cracked? Hard-boiled, or over-easy? Can an entire class of foods (i.e., shellfish, which includes lobster, shrimp, oysters, mussels and clams) be represented with a single example? Will the symbol set look disjointed if only one food (milk) is shown in a container? And should that container be paper, plastic or glass? How should foods like soy be handled, when its natural form isn't well known by the American public?

These questions show the surprising depth of inquiry needed to create clear and effective visual symbols. Like well-designed typefaces, good symbols are taken for granted; they are visible yet invisible, playing a part in both physical and virtual worlds. Symbols work to identify and inform a diverse, often multilingual audience. They locate places and services; they warn of potential hazards; and they provide guidelines for simple instructions.

In the allergy context, the symbol program responds to a deficiency in American food packaging. Although the FDA requires manufacturers to list the presence of ingredients derived from food allergens, the design of this listing is, to put it mildly, less than ideal. The warning is usually a single line of small-size type, and as such, easily overlooked among the listings of other ingredients.

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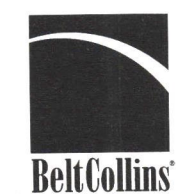


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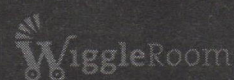
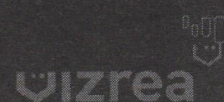
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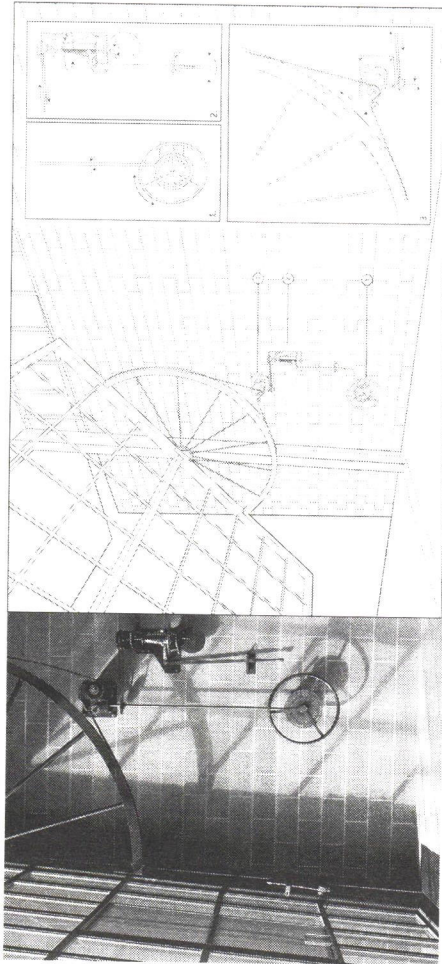
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Tom Kundig: Houses, by Dung Ngo, Steven Holl, Rick Joy

JM Cava

One of Kundig’s fascinations is with what he likes to call, “gizmo’s”—mechanical devices that evoke a certain 19th century charm, taking form in operable contraptions constructed of gears, rods, cables, cranks and levers, a kind of romantic Jules Verne vision of technology.



Chicken Point Cabin, Hayden Lake, Idaho, 2000–2003
photo: Mark Darley

Tom Kundig: Houses shares space on my shelf with books by Meier, Ando, Cutler, and the like. As pageants of über-cool houses for über-rich folks, these books are more like art books to the average architect than everyday reference materials; these are homes that rely on what a well-financed friend of mine who recently finished just such a home called “a shit-load of money.” But once I accept these houses as Lamborghiniis to the Honda Civics the rest of us mostly drive, and check my Marxism at the door, I find this presentation of five Kundig-designed houses engaging and stimulating within a book design that is visually pleasing and well executed. Handsomely assembled with an eye to architects, the beautifully drafted plans, sections and elevations—essential components that most house books leave out or marginalize—allow the dramatic photographs to be easily oriented to the drawings. Together with Kundig’s surprisingly prosaic sketches, one comes away with the satisfying feeling of having visited each of the houses in person.

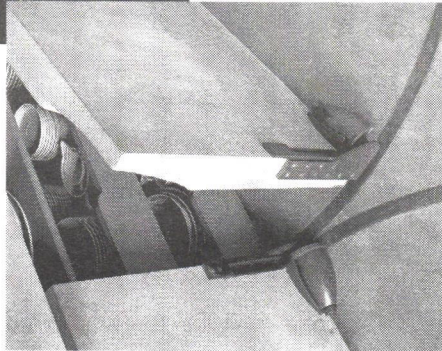
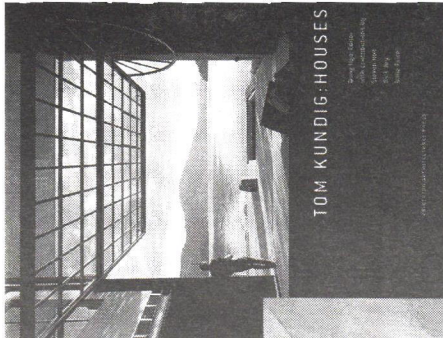
Tom Kundig’s prodigious design talent, inseparable from the craft of construction, is as massive as the great Pacific Northwest mountains he loves to climb, though the projects have budgets of equally impressive heights. However, it’s hard to suppress a feeling that Kundig’s skills might be of the kind that achieves stronger results with greater restrictions: to have Kundig design your house is to let loose an architecture machine that, left unchecked, might design the socks in your drawers, the spoons in your cupboards, and the shape of the toothpaste on your toothbrush, making Gropius’s proposals for a *Gesamtkunstwerk*

Tsien and Holl both provide poetic meditations, Tsien on how the work is “honoring simple activities” and Holl predictably mostly on Holl, except to say that he thought the book should have included Kundig’s growing public commissions (I agree). Rick Joy’s text is different—it is an insightful three page essay, touching on particular aspects of each house, noting Kundig’s “distinct personal presence” running through it all. This piece was provocative enough for me to read it through twice and enjoy it both times.

For Olson Sundberg enthusiasts, there is the 2001 monograph on the firm by The Monacelli Press that documents 12 houses, only one of them duplicated here (the Studio House). Admirers will want both books, for the Monacelli volume includes many construction details—always of interest to the practitioner—and more process sketches. The sketches in this book of Kundig’s houses are—though nice enough—mostly gratuitous, being neither informational nor inspirational.

One of Kundig’s fascinations is with what he likes to call, “gizmo’s”—mechanical devices that evoke a certain 19th century charm, taking form in operable contraptions constructed of gears, rods, cables, cranks and levers, a kind of romantic Jules Verne vision of technology. Even the three-dimensional drawings that illustrate them—in particular the mechanism that controls the 12,000-pound pivoting window of the “Chicken Point Cabin”—are reminiscent of turn-of-the-century science book illustrations. These notable devices (nearly each house has one of some kind) are typically designed in collaboration

176 pp. | Princeton Architectural Press, \$39



Studio House, Seattle, Washington, 1994. First cast in floor-raising device at a cost of about \$100,000. Photo: Mark Darley

custom detailing is simply exhausting. The thought of opening and closing one of those ponderous concrete kitchen cabinet doors with custom rollers on custom insets in the concrete floor, just to grab a couple of plates for lunch, made me want to head for the nearest diner instead. Yet even this sometimes overwrought customization is consistently thoughtful, carefully proportioned and well-engineered. As Billie Tsien remarks in her short passage, these details make you “aware of what you are doing and where you are.” This is a good thing in any architecture, and Kundig does it well.

As Dung Ngo’s text points out, the artistry that Kundig brings to these details is greatly indebted to Pierre Chareau’s *Maison de Verre* and the obsessive craft-based details of Carlo Scarpa—fragmented constructions that often reversed the normal hierarchy of design, with details generating building concepts, rather than the other way round. Kundig expresses a real virtuosity in this regard, particularly with steel, and he credits an early apprenticeship with Harold Balazs, the noted Washington sculptor, with exposing him to what he calls “the artist’s heart.”

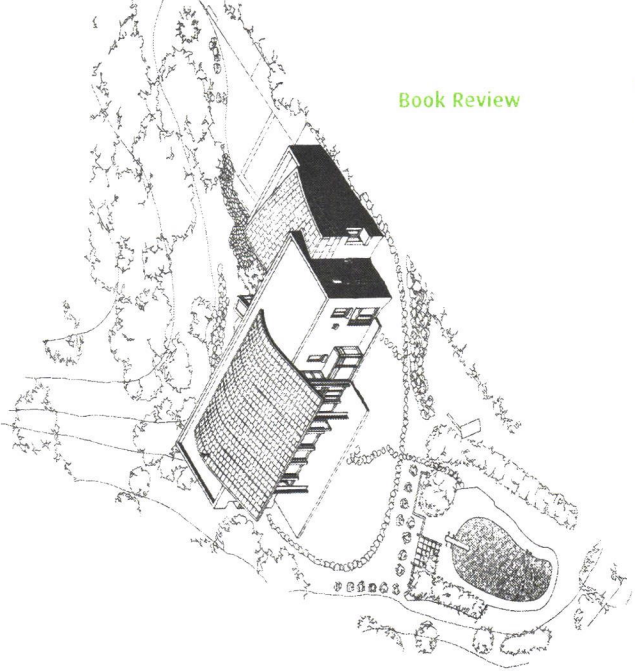
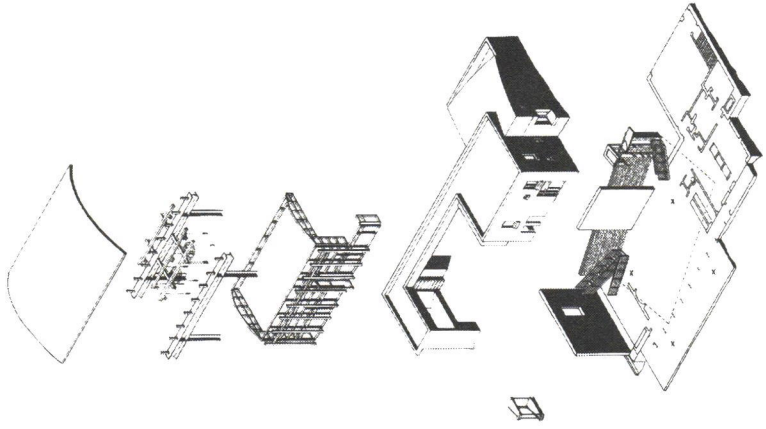
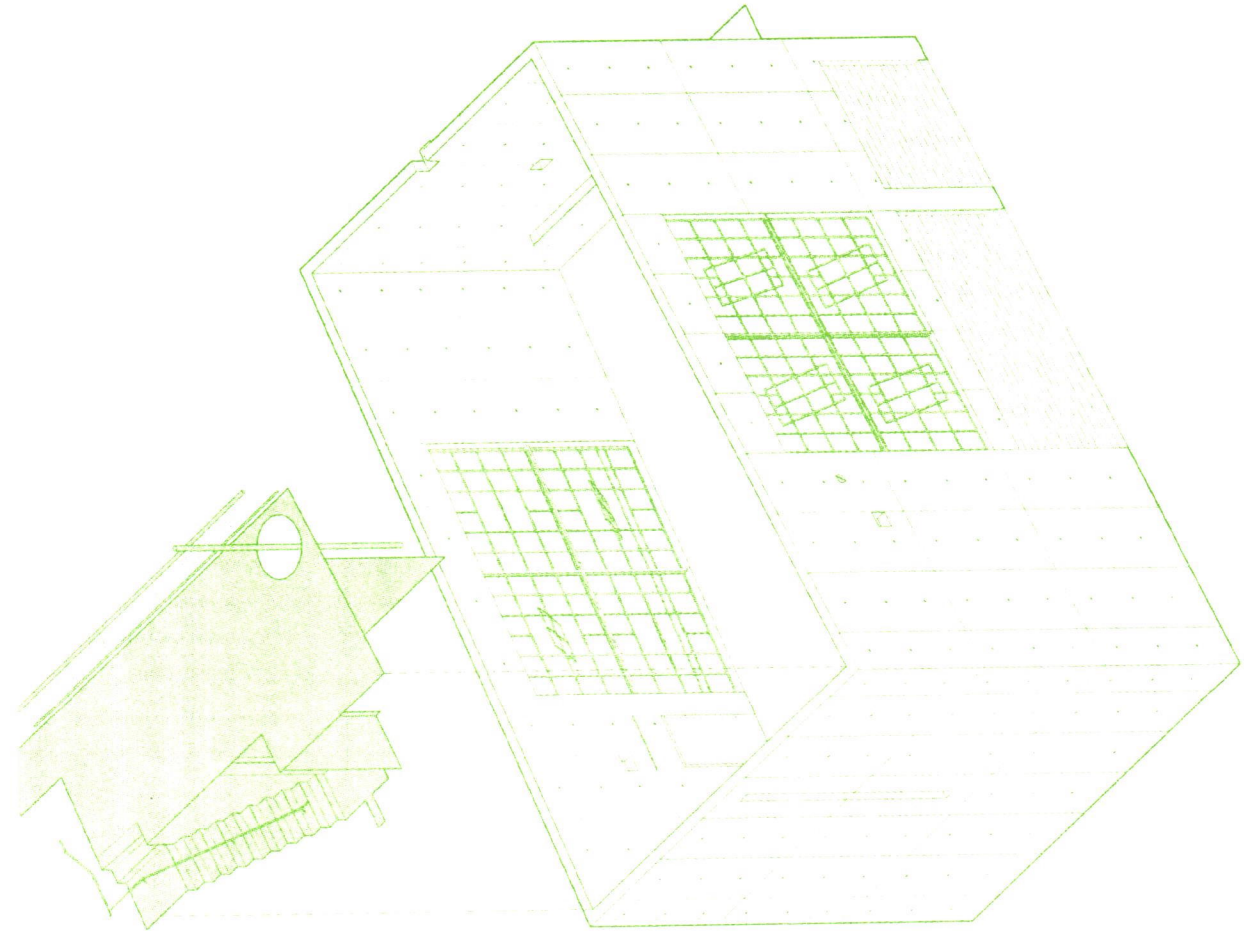
However, the main texts—both project descriptions and the main essay—simply don’t measure up to either the architecture or the drawings and photographs. The writing is conventional, navigating only within the boundaries of commonplace architectural bylines like craft, nature, proportion and creativity, reading more like a generic office brochure than disciplined research illuminating this most unconventional work. Nor is there a hint of either criticism or critical thinking here, just an agglomeration of praise, painting a picture of Kundig as a blend of Frank Lloyd Wright and James Bond with a dash of Sir Edmund Hillary. (Who knows—maybe that’s what he is.)

In addition to the main text, there are contributions from Billie Tsien, Steven Holl (a former teacher of Kundig’s) and Rick Joy.

As grand as this work is, Kundig is not one to get caught up in imperious academic theories about it. If anything, he admonishes this tendency of his peers (Holl among them) and brings a rare sense of humor to the explanation of his process with, for example, his self-professed methodology of “hot-rodding,” meaning simply an extensive amount of customizing to a commonplace existing structure. In this book, the approach finds expression only in his own house and so is difficult to assess as an ideology. That project—and its design approach—bears some resemblance to the house that Thom Mayne worked on over the years for his family (known to Morphosis fans as The Sixth Street House), another humble bungalow that was “hot-rodded” into a series of steel and glass spatial events.

Those of us who are admirers of Kundig and his office look forward to seeing his public work take shape. Perhaps the inherent restrictions in public building—unlike these houses commissioned by exuberant and idiosyncratic individuals—will concentrate Kundig’s obvious talent and energy, taking him beyond “gizmos” and “hot-rodding,” distilling and impelling his architecture towards something more perennial and more profound.

JM Cava is an architect in Portland, where he teaches, writes, and designs buildings and gardens.



Me 'N SHED: The Firm That Got Away

Jane Radke Slade

I peruse the Fall issue of ARCADE, starting with SideYard and working my way backwards until I hit the feature in the middle. David Spiker, former head of the Seattle Design Commission, is decrying how the city routinely denies young architecture firms public works projects. I study Spiker's list of up-and-coming design firms.

Then I see it. One of Spiker's up-and-comers-of-choice is SHED. SHED! I'm shocked.

It's not like I didn't expect SHED to be big someday. Anyone could see SHED was going places. It's just... Could it be regret? Here's SHED, turning design heads. And I blew it.

The memories come flooding back. The year was 2003. I attended a baby shower at my fantasy loft: exposed brick, massive windows, 40-foot-long-velvet curtains.

The galley kitchen was one long expanse of stainless steel. I got a little tipsy on the punch and sidled up to my hostess, purring. She gave me an I-know-what-you-want-raised eyebrow and wrote "SHED" on a napkin. After having endured several awkward charrettes with established residential-remodel architects (one, a preservationist), I was giddy to have the number for loft-design-build-hotties, SHED.

I called. SHED came over. We slid into my breakfast nook to discuss the project. SHED was edgy, not yet long out of architecture school. Their partnership was new, experimental. They weren't going to talk us into a standard hundred-fifty grand Capitol Hill kitchen remodel.

In a week or so I had in my hands a 3-D computer rendering of my modern dream kitchen. I had had other designs, but this one felt special. SHED clearly understood loft-lust on a cellular level. I left on vacation days later, smug.

But when I returned home, something had shifted. Doubts crept in. Where would I store the cookbooks? How was I going to keep my toddler on a stool at mealtime? Who wants to open and close a heavy steel pantry door all day long? I know I said I wanted a steel pantry door, but some-body needs to be practical here! I had entered the nit-picky phase of remodeling. It was incompatible with my SHED-vibe. I couldn't imagine sharing my bourgeois concerns.

contact.

Weeks went by with no commitment to work together, only a few weak email exchanges. One day I passed SHED on the street. I didn't make eye contact. That was it. I couldn't call them after that. And they never called me.

On the rebound, I contacted a well-known kitchen designer. No edge. Only standard-issue rectangular glasses and pencil-pushing forearms. We followed his trademarked "process" to arrive at my dream kitchen within my space and budget constraints. His minimum pass-throughs and maximum counter heights comforted me. Still, I daydreamed of those industrial steel pantry doors.

Perhaps sensing my nostalgia for SHED, the kitchen designer played remodel therapist. He said I was right to leave SHED. He explained that design-build folks lack the checks and balances inherent in the designer-contractor dynamic. He reassured me that young, unmarried straight men make terrible kitchen designers. We shared a laugh about how ridiculously impractical a SHED-designed kitchen would have been—like a spaceship docking up to my 100-year-old Victorian. But once he went home, I got depressed again. Please, Lord, I prayed. Please, do not let me end up in *Better Homes & Gardens* "Top 10 Kitchens of the Year" issue.

Ah, SHED. I'm still in my old kitchen, trapped between the refrigerator door and the peninsula. I haven't been able to move on as you have. I was probably just another job to you. Another 3-D model, another check in the bank. You never fought for me. And that hurt. But I'll never forget you. Even as I go on to hire Lead Pencil, who is a bit more famous than you due to their Stranger "Genius Award," you'll always have a special place in my design history.

Jane Radke Slade is a Seattle humorist. Some day, some designer is going to make her really happy. It probably won't be SHED or Lead Pencil, but she'll face it. Their dance cards are full-to-bursting right about now with far cooler clients. But it'll be some real nice person who will flatter Jane and keep her within budget and make sure the house will work well when her kids are teens and will want a little space of their own, away from the grown-ups. Jane can tell the SHED story to her generation, pointing to the framed 3-D drawing over the table.

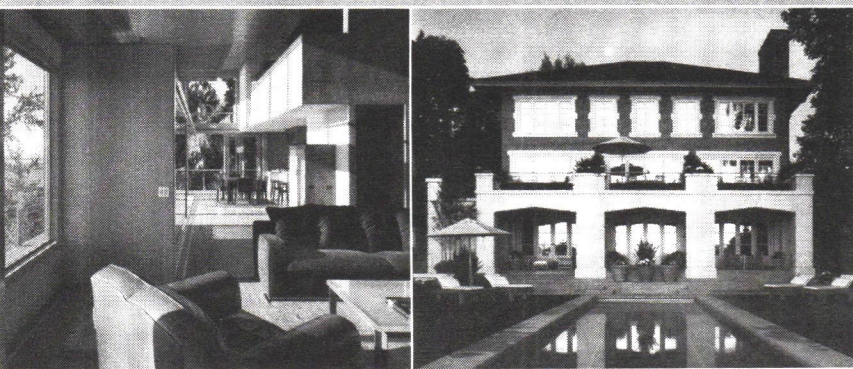


I couldn't call them after that.

And they never called me.

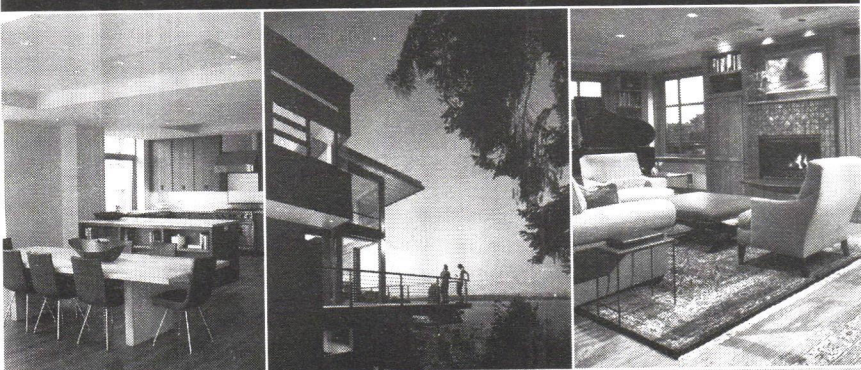
One thing I did was it.

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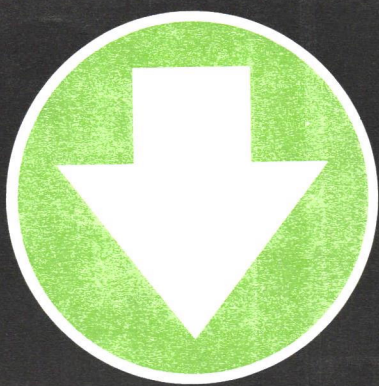


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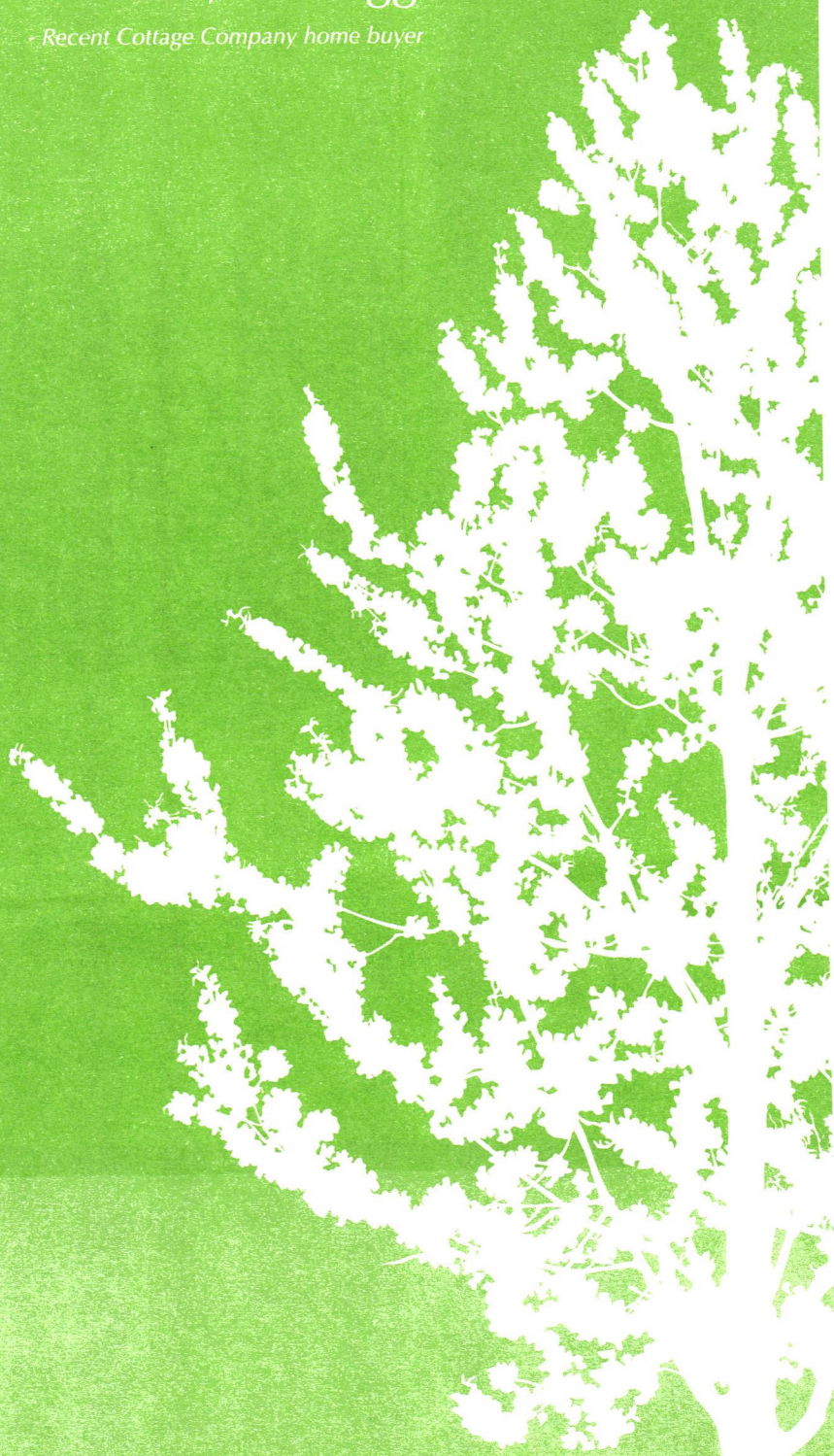
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End Note

ARCADE's 25th Anniversary Party

ARCADE

On Dec 8th, with hundreds of people helping us get our groove on at the largest party we've ever thrown, ARCADE celebrated its Silver Anniversary issue and 25 years of publishing. Through the dedication of volunteers, ARCADE has remained a vital link to the Northwest's design community. We are excited to see what the next 25 years will bring.

One party-goer called the celebration—held at the Big Building, where many of Seattle's great metal workers have their studios—a “rave for adults.” Filled with fire pits, weather balloons, video installations and a great crowd of creative people, the party was a treat for the senses in the transformed environment. Great music by The Bad Things had people dancing throughout the night. The amazing food supplied by Veraci Pizza and Dante's Inferno Dogs was practically inhaled, and the bars were drained—let's just say that from what we've heard in kudos, a good time was had by all.

**We'd like to thank the following
for their dedication and support
of the party:**

Drew Middlebrooks
Alki Foundry
David Trisch
Decorative Metal Arts
Dylan Andersen
Foundry

photos: Michael Burris



balloon photos: Heather Oaksen

Marshall's Cove
Metalworks & Design Studio
Mountain Consolidated, LLC
Nuance Stone
PTM Renovation
Rubicon Design
she-metal
The Cretins
The Twisted Monk
Von Mertens Metalworks

Victoria Reed for her ongoing support of ARCADE, including the 25th Anniversary Party. Without Vicki we wouldn't have achieved 25 years of publishing.

Heather Oakesen for her inspired video work that was projected throughout the Big Building.

AV-Pro for the major contribution of loaning two brand new projectors for Heather's work.

Hertz Rentals in Ballard for providing a scissor lift.

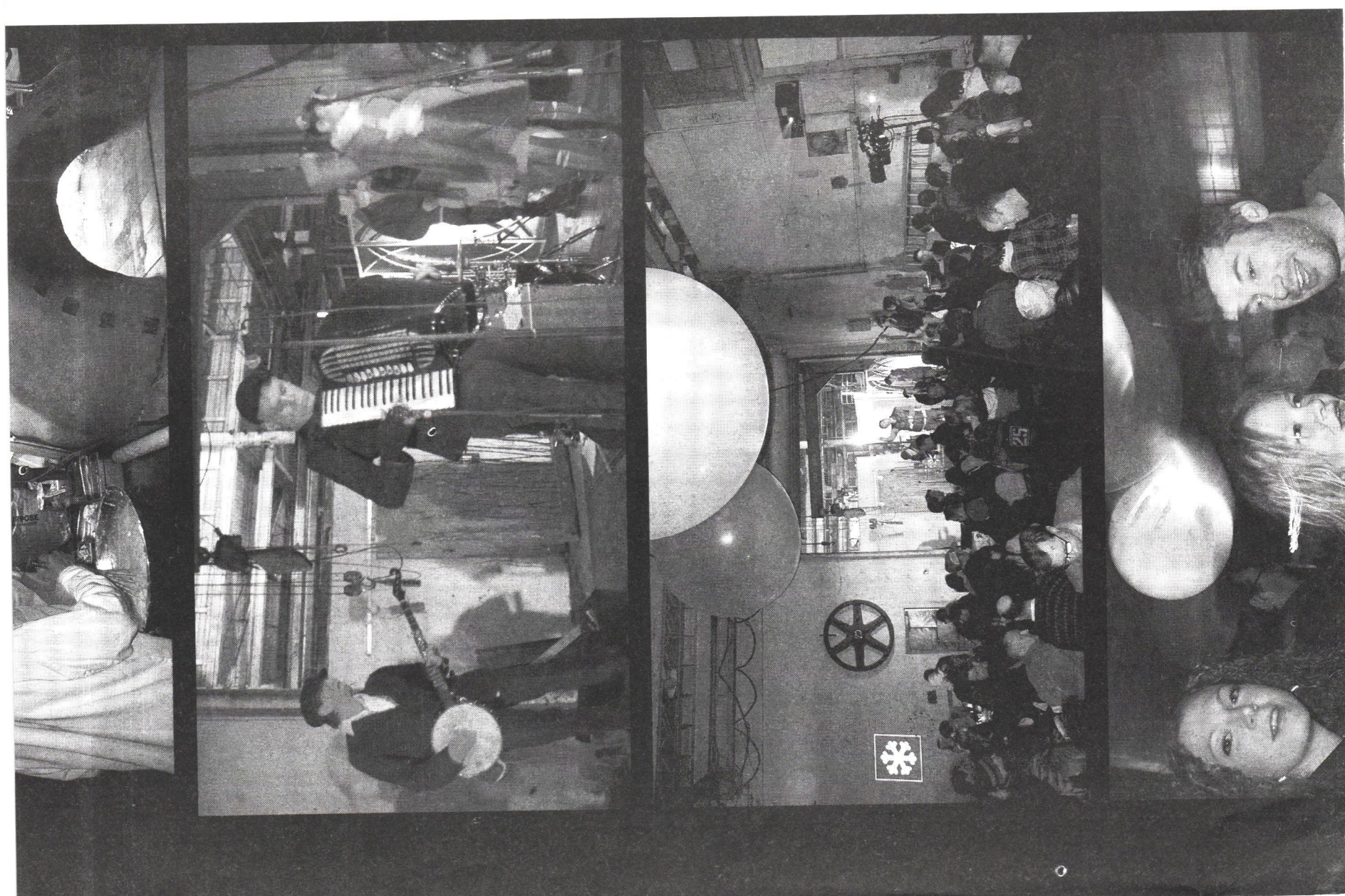
Mary Kohl and Shawn Taylor of Place Architects for their inspired "Ghost Chairs" and overall vision that helped pull the party together.

Krekow Jennings for critical deliveries, trucks and materials.

Peter Miller for supplying the book we raffled off—an event we will now continue at every launch party we throw.

Johann Gómez, Ryan Burlinson and Shannon Knepper from Wolken Communica for their graphics, shirts and display development.

Here's to the next 25!





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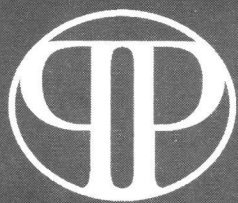
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